

Battle For Our North: Who Wins? Who Suffers? Who Pays?

MAY 1970/CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE/35¢

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CANADA REPORT MAY 1990

# What's Happened To Our Northern Dream?



## HAVE WE SOLD IT OUT?

Yes, we have. A great deal of it, anyway. To the United States and Britain and France . . . and at fire-sale prices. Canada now controls only 30.9% of the 440 million acres of Yukon and Northwest Territories land leased for oil and gas exploration. Seven of the 11 producing northern mines are foreign-controlled. They have 64% of the sales.

## DOES IT MATTER?

It matters enormously. A spectacular oil, gas and mineral exploration boom is under way. That boom could benefit us all. Canadian control would mean Canadian priorities for the northern people, Canadian emphasis on fighting pollution, Canadian ways to avoid mistakes we made down south.

## CAN WE GET IT BACK?

Sure . . . as much control as anyone can expect over the great oil powers and international mining firms. It may require the state moving in on a scale never seen before. But, astonishingly, the Trudeau government seems ready to spend the millions that that would require.

## SO THINGS AREN'T ALL THAT BAD?

They sure as hell aren't. Good things are happening. Buoyancy rides in with the trucks, planes and barges bringing drilling mud, rigs, bunkhouses and dreams. The frontier spirit is exhilarating. There are flaws in it . . . too many native northerners are left out. Nevertheless, the spirit is there. And all of Canada could learn by it. That's what this Canada Report is about.

BY COURTNEY TOWER





**Progress comes to one small town,  
and the old certainties will never be the same**



"...all the people were sleeping. I went up and I saw the moon. I really got scared and I went out and they said the car came from Moon. They really were glad to see the car. They figure they would see more cars coming from Whitehorse and Dawson."

This is Edith Bous, newspaperwoman, telling another reporter about the day in March when their first car did not dielectric the route Louchesche Indian settlement in the Porcupine River, high up in the Yukon, 120 miles from the Arctic Ocean.

About the same time as the car, a small truck drove into Old Crow and the 200 people clustered around it. One schoolboy exclaimed, "I think it's a truck. Americans buy trucks. I think it's a truck." Miss Bous explains:

"We never see trucks before. Trucks never are at before. It just arrived there and drove through town — right around the corner."

"Now that road to winter road only come to Old Crow and lots of car will come. Some of the people are glad for the road to come in and some of them don't agree to have the road. I was very pleased to see the road come to Old Crow."

Old Crow knows airplanes — they land on the ice of the Porcupine River during the winter, bringing mail and supplies and the old government men, and taking out Edith Bous' accounts of life there to the Whitehorse Star. A newspaper, the Brazzaville, comes from Dawson City during the short summer. Edith lives with her three

children and other relatives in a two-room log cabin and her nearest neighbor, "There are the ones," tell of the preoccupations of Old Crow, a "sure nice little town."

The news is how many residents Paul Ben Kani got, who shot a mouse, whether the carbox is as plentiful. The log houses are nearly arranged around the Anglican church, the new log school, the community hall. The people sit down, undisturbed, they run up and read the news. In late February Indians go by dog team 60 miles away to the Crow Plains, a vast marshland rich in caribou, and back home as the dog team with their team in May. A man drove up to \$2,000 from the run. There is little welfare in Old Crow.

Now is an exploration company, an oil well, an exploration and built an oil well road in the Crow Plains, filling in a 40-mile and turning up the tracks, threatening serious erosion. The Old Crow school, Alfred Charley, says to simply, "There's lots of jobs in there — ducts and canyons. If they damage that place, where do we go?" The government stopped the road-building exploration will continue under winter watch.

All in case for Old Crow — a road, oil exploration, and a permanent strip to be built this year. The settlement is divided, a little fearful. Most of the young people leave Old Crow to look for work in Whitehorse and then some things might help them leave. Yet the residents in the Crow Plains and the carbox in the hills and the peace of the village have been centuries, up to now, and this was something.

"We know, because we mean to know. There have been a couple of U.S. nuclear submarines in the Arctic sea. We also know there have been no such things."

From Whitehorse, Yukon, to Old Crow, Yukon



For years the island Eskimos of Baker Lake, desperately poor people, have carved beautiful sculptures in rock. Now they have turned their hands, occasionally, to making pieces from ivory and metal, under the sensitive and unerring eyes of two American artists, Jack and Shelia Butler. The resulting explosion of destruction, happy art is valued by experts as the most important event since the first great piece came out of Cape Dorset in 1958. They will be exhibited at the Edmonton Public Art Gallery on May 14.

**Progress comes to an entire people,  
and a few of them wonder if it's worth the price**

THE DRAINING SWAMP for the Northwest Territories central this year depicts three figures in parkas, arms draped together. It is a commentary taken to represent the Eskimo, the Indian and the white man. Chief Joe Saugra laughs gaily at the thought. "It's fine, after 100 years they still look like Eskimo. But we have been here a long time."

The Saugra's frame home is an Indian village outside of Yellowknife, one of thousands the government has built in turquoise, orange and glossy white across the north, in spots. The seven children leaning in and out speak English. Chief Saugra, in his 50s, speaks only Degrin. "Our children can't rely on paid jobs here," Saugra says through his brother Indian. "We don't want to see hunting and trapping to fall back on. Our children go to school, but they don't get jobs."

This dilemma of transition is not new in Canada. But it may have a better chance in the north. The corroding underlayers of interest are there, but not quite as deep as in many other parts of Canada. Active federal interest in northern education be-

gan only in 1954, but now 10,400 children, 95% of the school-age population, are in school. Most parents now can teach their children at home in their communities up to grades six and eight — even though the parents all about these beautiful Alabamas. After that, they go to high schools and vocational schools in Prosser, Bay, Churchill, Yellowknife, Port Smith, Port Simpson, Inuvik, Wainwright, Ottawa.

The 10,000 to 12,000 Eskimos were only moved from primitive nomadic life into settlements gradually in the late 1950s. In all the Eastern Arctic, only 900 have regular salaries plus — 500 with the government and 300 with service industries that work for government. But the government has now pledged that 75% of its staff will be northerners, as in possible (if about 50% now). And Ottawa now needs that a condition of doing business in the north is to agree to hire Indians, Eskimos and Métis.

And while communities everywhere are really two towns — different white and native shack — at least the summer unemployment

Anyway you drink it—  
with fruit juices, in a Daiquiri,  
on the rocks or with your  
favorite soft drink, you'll  
find BACARDI rum is the  
mixable one.

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**BACARDI**  
LIGHT  
BACARDI  
DARK

"Indigenous will, by 1974, make up about 50% of the Territorial population."

"Government will only do what they talk about 'Indigenous people': This is one of the worst polarized words they can use for the people. I say 'Inuitiyuqut' and 'QIP,' but in Canada they all mean nothing to 'Indigenous people.' If they do, I'm going to use the word 'QIP.'"

Chief John Tootchie, Inuk, speaker of NWT Council

"We don't call them Inuk. We call them northerners."

Maya Dook, 30, Inuk NWT

people of Inuvik will be joined to the outside. That is an almost-guaranteed conflict. This Inuk writer to the bottom of the local tug and takes away their wastes. At Resolute Bay, on Cornwallis Island, which has 137 Eskimos and seven whites, the "Eskimo highway" has small 45-gallon water tanks to which the women haul water from a central tank. Thus they must be polite to a pretty young white girl who travels the Arctic teaching them how to live in a house, urging them to wash their floors three times a week and their babies and dishes more often.

Commissioner Stuart Hodgson acknowledges that about the NWT (45,000 miles last year) urging co-operation to ride on existing electricity, garbage pickup, water delivery and other concessions themselves. He wants to consolidate remote settlements into "growth centers" that will use "one house, one school, one school, 5,000-foot runways, Tulum and telephones."

If any of us come together, and work. At the moment, however, Chief Tootchie says no, without plans, his treaty suit. It is of course black material with red stripes along the women and yellow stripes on the sleeves. He says it over a crystal, at Inuvik. He says he's laughing at himself when he wears it. Inuvik translates. That's when Chief Tootchie collects treaty money, the

shells and fish setting — after Mummy's obligation being \$301 to Black Point last year. Chief John Tootchie, a trapper and hunter from Port Moresby, is the only Inuk on the NWT Council. He is appointed. He has a treaty suit, too. But the older of his 14 children — "Two dead, two married and 10 at home" — are among, including six studying in Yellowknife. And he speaks out for a new native self-interest for Inuit to launch fishing and hunting lodges and not just be guides in them. For material symbols for native northerners (whether Prime Minister Trudeau likes it or not).

Mr. Agnes Sennett, a Canadian woman of the Year in 1967, a Métis, a woman and formidable community activist, has just formed COPE (Committee For Original People's Endowment). She's getting wide support from Inuit, Eskimo and Métis, and her goal is plain: "We want some of the material rights for the people of the NWT."

At Fort Rae, on an arm of Great Slave Lake, an NWT branch of the Indian Brotherhood has been formed.

"Our language is dying, and I feel bad about it."

John, Chief John Tootchie, Inuk

ed, in demand land and other rights. Both the Brotherhood and COPE say will get subsidies into the NWT Council at divisions (the full).

Willy Park, an Inuk in executive secretary of the Indian-Eskimo Association for the NWT. He says the government still owes too much on repaying rights employment and various other rights. Chief Tootchie says, without plans, his treaty suit. It is of course black material with red stripes along the women and yellow stripes on the sleeves. He says it over a crystal, at Inuvik. He says he's laughing at himself when he wears it. Inuvik translates. That's when Chief Tootchie collects treaty money, the

## Why we should shape our own future guided by our northern lights



BY PAT CARNEY

A Vancouver freelance writer, her special passion is the Canadian north

Could sit in a chair in Yellowknife's only guesthouse apartment, watching the moonlight glaze on the frozen surface of Great Slave Lake. I listened to two Arctic business discuss ways of building up strips in the north and learned something about sovereignty. Sovereignty is important — and northerners know that better than anyone. But the sovereignty issue must never be permitted to mask our main objectives in the north. Expanding the richness of good Scotch and good company. I thought of these priorities.

DEVELOPMENT FUND. I have two friends who would never have made company elsewhere in the north because neither finished high school. But one is probably the world's authority on operating in the high Arctic, and he is not yet 39. The other, only a few years older, leads another important technical field. Impatient with equipment and technique created years ago in the south, both worked out new ways of operating in the Arctic, building a precious inventory of technology. Both are anxious and busy to make their four million dollars, not because either gives a damn about money but because in the north capital is so more than scarce it always is.

MOORE. John Tootchie. That afternoon I had visited Inuvik. Inuvik, who was dying each year about the lower half of the lake. He had an old stone while his son buried. Later, we walked out to inspect the construction. It was a real surprise. The clear green of Inuvik. More than half the people who live in the Northwest Territories are Inuit, Eskimo or Métis, and often

their priorities are such basic necessities as a water system, central sewerage, a school. Half the population of the Territories is under 21, and these kids must be educated and equipped to compete with other Canadians, in a very short time. Conditions are improving, but infant death rate in the Territories dropped from 371 per 1,000 births in 1961 to 69.9 in 1968, compared with the national rate of 21. It's got some way to go.

INUIT. Inuit. On my flight up from Edmonton our pilot was Jim Tootchie, our first trip together was on a DC-4, loaded with freight and passengers and oil crew, in the Arctic islands. Now Jim is flying a Boeing jet, but he told me he couldn't lead it at Cambridge Bay and Resolute because the unexpected surfaces of their girded strips were smooth as a skating rink.

SO, northern conversations can frequently result in sovereignty, far sovereignty is also that old-fashioned cry, a sense of country. The sight of the tanker Machinist lying in the harbor (shores off Resolute) fell and flying in flag, dignity offended me, somehow, and I was released by the thought of all sticks on the single beaches where I have walked down by the shore. "I'm a sailor," said. And to be sovereign you must also be effective and firm.

There is a lot of romantic notions written about the north, and the Northern Lights and the Polar Sea and the Midnight Sun must be balanced against the brutal cold, the fear exposed by the melting snow, the mosquitoes in summer and the northernmost north. But I could not help thinking, getting out at that moonlit landscape, the north can expand in many of its expanding, burning passion. It represents nearly half our country, and all 21 million of us can shape it to reflect what we are. What other country is the world's so blessed? □

# Announcing the new BULOVA Golden Clipper so magnificent a watch it deserves to be knighted.



A Model no. 12812 Day date, yellow brushed top case with luminous brown dial, matching carbon strap. \$166.

B Model no. 32194 Silver-tone, yellow brushed top case, luminous gold colored dial, red steel markers, red carbon strap. \$95.

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The Bulova Golden Clipper is all new for the 70's. Inside each model is the completely new gold plated automatic, waterproof, 17 jewel movement. Outside, bold handsome styling. Many models include day and date features. See the entire collection from \$75 at Fine Jewellery and Department Stores. To mark the introduction of the new Golden Clipper series, Bulova commissioned the world famous Wilkinson Sword Co. of London, England to produce a Bulova Golden Clipper presentation sword. One hundred of these swords (as illustrated) will be given away to Bulova Golden Clipper purchasers. Ask your Bulova Dealer how you can win one!

# BULOVA



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In Malaysia, they get 96 inches of rain a year. To keep from getting bogged down, the police are equipped with Volvos.

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That's not a guarantee. But it is a reassuring fact.

After all, before you can be seen in the best places, your car must first survive the trip.



IN OUR VIEW — AND YOURS

MAY 1975

Run. Flee the horrid city. Run to the last sweet lonely seaside and what will you find? Oil pollution, baby. What else? (BELOW)

Aislin looks at the Quebec election (P. 15)

Tax tip: live in sin for fun and profit (P. 18)

Several grisly reasons why it just doesn't do to climb the big CBC tower (P. 28)

And more argy-bargy among our readers (P. 22-27)



BY HARRY BRUCE

## A dream, an oil tanker and a dying bird

I HAVE SEEN the long, winding curve of the lonely shore only a few times in my entire life, and I have not come even close to believing it will stay the last vacation I see there, the summer

I turned 12, and I learned to run barefoot on its hard stones, under the towering gulls, and over the happy sheets, and around the sunset jiggly-kids, the sun-crooked cowboys, the scrawny bear sheds, the lobster ponds, the old men of the sea, the dry houses of fish, the tac, the waitress, the cork, the shells, the spruce, the rocky little

islet past, and all along the coast and across Atlantic town.

And now, a quarter of a century later, the sheds, the men, the pots, they're gone, well, all gone from the beach but the some keep coming back to me and there's scarcely a day goes by that I don't see the usual, dark, deep slash of forest where the surf, and the house I'd build up there to last years. And the water system, the uplit tank, the wood-burning stove, the pile of firewood, the coal-oil lamp, the trunk back for the children, the log steps down to the water and, always, the noble sleep riding at sunset just off our front door.

It is all so easy to see. The dream is gold, the trees are wet, the morning air is sharp and, soon, the breeze will be coming across the bay down the brightening seawall. We're alone here. No one, you think so. There's nothing quieter do but deep wood, road, go'ing, build sticks in the beach, and slowly move some half-remembered state of spiritual grace. The city, urban ambitions, spiritual temptations they slide the state of grace somewhere back in the late 1940s, but we'll find it again, here in the wind off the old ocean, and our children will have it forever.

Well, that's the idea anyway and, in February, it happened to be in Halifax and, on the afternoon of the death, a Monday, I could not stay there any longer. I had to test the dream, and I rented a car and headed out to the bay, the beach, the ribbon of dark forest. I reached Gaspeborough town that evening, stayed at Grant's Hotel overnight — I was Mrs. Jenkins' sole guest — and, by 3:30 Tuesday morn-

ing, my belly was full of powdered rags, broken, least and unmanageable, and I was five or six miles down the northshore of Chelabavito Bay.

I left the car on the highway, and, under some rascals comes to a wet sky, I went down on foot. Down through the packing snow, down a third of a mile to the sliding tales of the wicked little harbor, and over the well corners, and across the same on the beach to the nesting stones, and the very place where the surf could roll to the edge of my boots and, way off in the west, Stewart's Head pointed southward and, way off in the east, Rugged Head pointed its long path into the bay. I inspected the water's edge in the dusky weather, and it was all as I had hoped it would be. I stumbled through the thick, warm, silent woods, crawling and crouching around, falling down, appearing like carbon tracks, revealing in my joints own intentions.

I found that if I stood among the trees at the very edge of the cliff, I could not only see the water as they pulled in far below I could hear them as well, and when we are all settled here the sound will always be with us. The morning was so clean in the inside of a sand-scoured glass shell, and it was not until early afternoon that I got back to the car, headed out to the Cape Annway, and crossed a quarter of Cape Annway Island to Cape Argyle, which broke my heart.

All along the vivid reach to Antish and Cape Argyle, the Viking, the Skye, Dana's, the Marlin and the other monks declared they had no vacations. Helicopters, with their red lights blinking, flattered above the highway.

continued

# The Feminine Mystique



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With Tampax tampons there's no need to change ever (changeable you). Tampax tampons are worn internally. You're freed from bulky belts, pads and pants. And there's no telltale bulge, so no one can ever know.

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BRUCE continued

Light aircraft overtook me and streamed ahead. Cars shot past, crisscrossed with me. The activity was curious, unusual. The models, and even the giant houses, were full of officials from a dozen federal and provincial agencies, and with TV crew hostile reporters, men from huge oil companies, pilots, aviation experts, conservationists, businessmen, biologists, scientists from several parts of the world, and even a team of flame-throwers from the U.S. Army. The Premier of New Scotia, a clutch of his cabinet ministers, and the president of Imperial Oil were all in the neighbourhood, and the federal Transport Minister had threatened to show up, too. And the reason for all this constant and noisy activity, so close to my secret place, was a hidden sort of international happening. A Liberator bomber, the Arrow — owned by Anthony Deniro, a man of obscure wealth — had staged himself on Cape Horn Rock six days earlier, and she was stuck fast, and she was slowly breaking up and now, like some motionless and petrified sea of poison, she was relentlessly leaking her potential cargo in great oily-black gobs.

Already the staff had crisscrossed perhaps 20 miles of shoreline on Cape Horn Island and marined Nova Scotia, and God only knew how many thousands of birds it had destroyed, or how many fish it might eventually kill, or how many more miles of coastline it would relapse for how many more years to come.

And the Arrow was only a baby tanker. She was carrying a mere 16,000 tons of bunker oil. All along the shore side of the Strait of Canso you can see the busy tankers, the busy fishing, the busy commerce of transatlantic and interoceanic activity and before too long, I suppose, the Arrow will be all tankers building skiffs, cleaning up, post-Caribbean Rock. With these ships will make vessels of the Arrow can look like miniature boys of the high seas. I have preferred to think of the strait area as an obscure part of the world but, in August, the age of the 200,000-ton and over 500,000-ton super-tanker is due to arrive there, and, by water, Caribbean Rock is roughly 20 miles from my place on the shore.

Anyway, at 4:30 that afternoon I was standing on the black, heavy and normally beautiful coastline at Cape Argyle. Archibald was across a small bay, and I could see Annapolis Island, Carleton Island and, way off beyond them, Lunenburg Island. About two miles straight west lay the broken bulk of the Arrow and, near her a

terrible pair of legs. On every shore in sight there were long, ugly strips of black ruins and seven sets out in the bay, a couple of ducks were floating around them. There was something odd about them, they were too dark, they looked like beaten floors and I was sure that, although they were trying, they could no longer move their wings. At the point where I stood, a big, flat splash of the stuff kept nudging and licking the beach, and its ridges would not and move on their own and, for a second, I thought, *My God! It's dead!* The beach rocks were thick in the blackness, and shiny, and the clumps of seaweed had a hideous texture, and, all along the water's edge, the sludge lay like a curse that no kiss or magic word would ever lift.

A man was crouching along the beach. He was stepping carefully, keeping just above the dripping high-water mark. He wore an all-weather parka, the working uniform of a Lunenburg Foreman officer, and he was carrying a clear-plastic bag in his right hand. In one of the bottom corners of the bag there was a bit of black oil, or something. This bird was about as big as a housefly. I watched the man as he came closer and, when he stopped, I spoke to him.

"What have you got in the bag?"  
"It's a bird, it's some sort of bird."  
"What kind do you think it is?"  
"I don't know. A crow maybe."  
The man looked across the bay. For a second or two, he surveyed the whole terrible landscape.

"My Jesus," he said, "that's a sad thing. It's beyond words, just bloody well beyond words." □

## DEAR MISS PLEASE STOP YOUR PHOSPHATES ELSEWHERE

Ms. Vincente Allanson, of Lunenburg, P.E., mailed a note of laundry soap back to the manufacturers and, along with the package, she sent the following message: □ *helps, most actively, that you will not let it clutter from your pocket! This message is included to help. My state of value does not place the business of my laundry along the survival of my species. On behalf of any other species, if it does not suit your purpose to then replace your product, then please, do, in all fairness, at least advertise it honestly for what it is a solid pollutant, but a pollutant nonetheless. Includes its contents can be wrapping in that we become makers rate decide for ourselves whether or not we wish to kill our grandchildren. Here, then, is your soap—please, dispose of it carefully.* □

## AUSLIN'S PERSPECTIVE: The poker game in Quebec



In the days before April 28, four cardplayers and a lobbyist all black as tar. But each one has the chips to play a trick, not the winner's pot. The winners (clockwise from left): Liberal Robert Bironneau, Creditors, Bill Casavant, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, René Lévesque of the Parti Québécois, Union Nationale Jean-Jacques Bertrand. (A was in the first row again, p. 20.)

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Or how much money you saved by not investing in the last tip your barber gave you.

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And if that's not enough to keep you financially informed, read the brief, up-to-the-minute resume of marketing financial information that is passed around aboard every Executive Jet. (The resume is revised throughout the day. So you're never behind the times.)

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**Our stewardesses don't look like stewardesses.**

For one thing, our stewardesses don't wear standard uniforms. They wear what we call "non-uniforms." Our non-uniform fashions are inspired to us by Canada's best known department store, Eaton's. So you know they're contemporary.

For instance, individual uniforms that make stewardesses look like they're in the army, you'll see our girls in red pantsuits, mini skirts and belted blouses.

And as fashions and seasons change, so will our stewardesses' dees. That way you'll never get tired of looking at them.

Our stewardesses also have a way of making you feel comfortable throughout your flight. They're courteous, friendly, and tuned to the needs of the business flyer.

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Our new Executive Jet can even help a man forget about business.

The atmosphere on board is always relaxed and informal. The food is good. The distractions plentiful. And the people on board are the kind of people a business flyer can talk to. They're mostly other business flyers.

We know there's no place like home. Still, we think our new Executive Jet can sort of act as your home away from home while flying across Canada. It has some of the comforts you have at home, plus some you may wish you had at home.

**The better treatment starts on the ground.**

Unless you board an Executive Jet in a good mood, you may not be in the mood to enjoy all the good things we've put aboard.

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The games we have aboard are not for kids.

They're sophisticated games. The kind of games that can keep you engaged for hours.

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Aware men.

They're MEN.

So feel welcome, ladies. You'll be in good company.

**CPAIR** 





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BY MARJORIE HARRIS

### Tax tip: whatever else you do, don't make an honest woman out of her

WHEN ED AND FRIDA WERE MARRIED, everyone was very happy for them. Everyone, that is, except their tax accountant. Ed and Frida had been living in unassisted marital bliss for two years when, perhaps because of their four children, they decided to make their relationship legal. "Don't do it," protested the accountant. "It's lovely for you, but not for me."

They went ahead anyway. They married two years ago and, this April, the error of their ways is all too painfully apparent. After having been at one with the law department for two years and having no real income, they suddenly owe an extra \$600 in income tax. Out go their holidays.

In Canada, people living common law, so one that income split, are some unassisted benefits from the tax laws, more so than legally-bound couples. Ed and Frida had deducted the office services Frida had rendered to his plumbing business. They were legitimate operating expenses, Frida took out of all his typing and paperwork. Since Ed owned an unincorporated company, he could deduct his income by paying his body

framed as high a salary as he pleased, but he cannot pay his wife one deductible cent. That's the law. Before their marriage, Ed could split his income, reduce taxes, and keep all the money in the family, so it went. And they both paid taxes at a lower rate.

Even if Frida had not been doing proper work for Ed, he could have received tax benefits in their common-law relationship. Ed had two children (so did Frida) and, by putting her on as his income as a full-time house servant, he could deduct her first child for \$1,000 and claim another \$300 for the same child. And this did not run Frida's right to claim \$3,000 for her elder child. To their horror they found that getting married meant Ed could deduct \$1,000 for Frida, but after the first year of marriage Frida had lost her status as head of a household and could no longer deduct her own elder child for \$3,000. Their basic deductions plummeted from \$5,100 (two heads of household) to \$1,300. And that didn't begin to include all the other deductions for business expenses. Of course, Ed would have been doing had Frida decided to be handy. When he split his income with her, her share belonged to her legally. Ed may have been breaking Frida but if the couple had sold up Frida would have had the tax laugh.

Another loophole that involved with their marriage vows, suppose Ed had run up a huge tax bill and the government had decided to seize his assets. He could simply have sold them to Frida for a nominal sum and the sheriff could not have touched a thing Ed can't get away with that now.

If there had been no children, there's another thing they might have done to make this a less chilling time of the year than it is now. They could have waited until the last week in December to marry. No matter how much the bride was earning, if her last week's salary came in less than \$250 when they married, the groom could have deducted her for the whole year without messing up her status as head of a household for the year.

So if you're living happily in what society used to call "sin," you may unfortunately be the beneficiary of Canada's current tax laws. In our not remote society, our friends in Ontario are contributing in their own small way to the historic cause of free love. ☐

Look, Kluge, nobody loves a wise guy


Re Margaret Daly's *Don't Even in Power Keep Other Women Powerless* Yes, Miss Daly, and society the world over is a Communist plot. No fun. Maybe next month you can do an expose on that People's Plot To Stay Alive.

—H. C. Kline, St. Joe



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Editor's note:  
the cartoonist  
as a 27-year-old  
enfant terrible

ARLEN'S FIRST cartoon for *Maclean's*, a former Queen Elizabeth working a solitary night job, had, indeed, a lot of readers to ask "Who the hell is Arlen?" Or, more diplomatically, "Who the hell does the Arlen think he is?" Arlen, 27, is not Arlen at all. Arlen is Arlen's daughter. The cartoonist is Terry Moskat, and the reason he signs his work with his daughter's name goes back some time. Moskat grew up in Toronto but he is a graduate of Kettle Creek School Arts in Quebec City in Quebec. He married a local girl who had two daughters, Anna and Arlen. During the summer there, he used to pick up two dollars a head doing the sidewalk cartooning of tourists and, because he wanted to preserve his own name for his "summer painting," sidewalk work, he'd sign the sidewalk stuff "Arlen." Gradually, it was the cartoonists that became the most serious work and the more he stuck his nose in Montreal news, and got considerably more than two dollars a head for cartoonists of considerably more important than those of tourists.

Moskat has done a cartoon of Trudeau for a *Times* magazine cover, and he does one satirical cartoon per week for the *Montreal Star* but, as those who noticed most strongly to his version of *Harper's* and already have suggested, he has also appeared in such Canadian publications as the *McGill Daily* and the *Montreal paper Le Soleil*. Moreover, he is a member of an editorial committee of Canadian cartoonists who publish a new underground monthly called *The Last Page*. He is 27, has a beard, long hair, and a rebellious spirit. And that's who Arlen is. Is the month to come, you'll be seeing a lot of his work in *Maclean's*.



Arlen's wife daughter Arlen

continued on page 22

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### LETTERS continued

and solutions that we are prepared to accept. Pollution from any source can be dealt with technically, but we must be willing to pay for it. We are in very need of acceptable means of balancing income and costs and of assessing financial responsibility, so that we can solve the genuine economic and political problems that are the real people in the poll of pollution graphics — **ROBERT WYMAN, PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO**

### Women's liberation: bondage?

I am always suspicious of those who would liberate me. Somewhere I feel they would really substitute one form of bondage for another. Margaret Duly's article hints that our *Blow Women Up Power Keep (Other Women Powerless)* and her fellow "liberationists" would remake me in their own image. To be a success, to really make it in their place, leave my world, I would have to fill a big job with a big salary and make the really big decisions. I wouldn't make it as a wife or a mother or a nurse or a secretary or a housewife and I certainly wouldn't make it as a *blow doll*. Margaret Duly may whistle, hoot and explain all the words, let her dare she say the women exploit other women, when she herself is partly of the cheapest type of exploitation? She makes a comparison between the "play" of women and the terrible tragedy suffered on the American Negro, leaving thereby to give sympathy by association. In doing this, however, she exploits the Negro to add strength to her own shallow argument — **MAX HELLER, GALLIMORE, OTTAWA**

### New nationalists or puppets?

Congratulations to Maclean's for having the guts to stand up to be counted, by publishing *The Morning Star* of a New Canadian Nationalism (Canada Report, February). Is "The Home" as you put it, well said for a steady barrage of misinformation and even ridicule hurled against the movement of reformers in complex and important reality that is the hallmark of Canadian. When one is confronted with a sense of willing purpose, content to dissent to whatever has still American masses wish to play, there is nothing much left to work with for the men who really care. Maclean's is in a favorable position to carry the torch. The cynic you start may grow into a total wave of reformers in Canada in MINORAL, ROCKY MOUNTAIN BEING ALIVE.

Is it your conscience to have such hate filled issues against the United States and Americans as general? Your two friends whether you realize it or not, and against everyone from the United States please cancel my subscription. I don't care to have the Canadiana company's latest Canadianism on my lawn. We all have to face some kind of judgment, but the highest praise for you Canadians and Canada. I cannot

continued on page 27

# Gordon's London Dry. The World's Largest-Selling Gin.



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BY BOB BOSSIN

**My friend Sean has quit climbing the CBC tower. And it wasn't the height that scared hell out of him...**

ONE BLIND THUNDER afternoon my friend Sean McCaffrey climbed up the CBC TV tower in Toronto. He was working for the CBC, it was on-line break, and the day was very clear. From the top of the tower he saw a fire truck go through a red light a few tracks away. He could see the traffic lights downtown, city hall, the university, Calabogrow and across Lake Ontario to the American shore. This is how he spent the following week.

The fire truck pulled into the CBC parking lot. Another pulled in, then a police car. A crowd started to gather and the TV crew came there out. They were all looking up. Sean began to feel a little embarrassed, so he lay flat on his stomach and stayed down the tower. He sat a CBC technician on the way up.

"Are you all right? We were worried you were going to jump."

"Oh no, I'm fine. Just wanted to see the view." Sean continued down and passed the first of several policemen, sat on the street, waited "It's all right," Sean told him. "I talked to the guy and he's not going to jump. He's just catching his breath before coming down."

It was a nice try but it didn't work. Two other policemen bracketed him out on the step above and one on the step below. Sean suggested they

run down. They declined. When they all reached the ground, he apologized for the fuss and explained that he had no intention of killing himself, he had just wanted to see the view and, since his coffee break was over, could he go back to work?

"Why don't you come over to the car and we'll talk about it," said a police inspector.

They got into the car. No one talked, they just drove off. Sean said he thought he was being deeply disturbed. One officer called him a stupid dog-eating, and the other said he was embarrassed.

At the station, Sean looked at the several papers and the police officers. He answered some questions and explained that he'd had no intention of committing suicide. He was then booked for attempted suicide. He asked if he could phone a lawyer.

Sean said the desk sergeant, "Later." Two constables then took Sean by the arm and led him to the elevator leading down to the cells. Sean said he would go on his way tonight. One of the constables pushed him harder. As the elevator doors opened, Sean asked if they found him sexually attractive, since they seemed to want to keep touching him. When the elevator door closed, one of the cops gave him a knee in the groin, and as he was falling a punch on the temple just above the hairline, leaving no mark.

The cell was damp, small and contained a metal shelf for a bed and a combination lock and drinking fountain. There was no toilet paper. "Be sure you might struggle against," the guard said. Sean asked to see a police doctor and if he could phone a lawyer. "Later," the guard said.

Sean passed the time singing Johnny Cash songs, and making up his own Combination Ticket And Drinking Fountain Jokes, accompanied by banging the metal shelf. He noticed some women questions about the system of a reputation society on the wall with his motorcycle bike, then his name and some shreds of news. Finally the police doctor came and along with him, the constable who had let Sean

The doctor found no evidence of a broken Sean pointed to blood on the constable's knuckle. The constable said he'd scraped it walking down the hall.

IN THE EARLY EVENING, Sean was taken to 999 Queen Street West, the old Ontario mental hospital. The duty psychiatrist had the admission form all ready to be filled in. The psychiatrist asked name, address and age, and marked down Sean's eye and hair color, and then he asked two psychiatric questions.

"Why did you climb the tower?"

"For fun."

"Did you hear any voices on the way up?"

"No."

"Take him to ward 5-B."

To get there, they had to pass through a series of locked metal doors. The ward staff consisted of a long corridor with wooden benches along one side and small rooms with beds in them along the other. There were no paintings or decorations. The patients shuffled by in grey pyjamas and paper slippers. A nurse came by twice and asked for Sean's clothes. He said, "She offered him a pair of grey pyjamas and some kind of drug. No, he said. He asked if he could phone his parents, who still did not know where he was. She said no, the phone was for staff use only.

The patients, however, were quite friendly, laughing and joking and advising Sean on how to get by: call the doctors "sir" and the nurses "ma'am", don't get excited about them, ignore the symptoms the doctor says you have, gradually let yourself be cured and they will let you out. Some of the patients had their heads shaved for electro-shock treatment. Their eyes looked like Sean's burned-out films.

After a while he asked the nurse for something to read. She was sorry, the library was closed. Could he have a shower then? The showers were closed, too. Then he asked something else. "Is there a law about something being a law?" She was sorry, the cafeteria was closed. Finally, Sean just asked if he would have his room. She was sorry again, they were either over-

**"The moment I saw that open door, I knew what it meant. You think it'll never happen to you."**



**ORIGINALLY JOHN and Sue Devlin carried American Express Travelers Cheques when they went on vacation.**

But this time they took cash. After all, it was only a five-day trip, and only a few hundred miles from home.

When they came back to their motel after dinner, they discovered that somebody had helped himself to the \$140 they'd hidden in a drawer. Result—one vacation botched up. It didn't have to happen.

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denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, and they cost just 1¢ for every dollar's worth.

Which means that for \$140, the Devils could have saved themselves a lot of grief.

#### Metaphors a staying home, and taking it

Do you really think that Canadians aren't for Canada? You should teach school for a while. The students don't feel guilty because they're not hawking @ Canada on their way to school or wearing maple leaves in their hair. But they like it here, and they're staying here. And that's really all that matters, isn't it?

—A POET WRITES FROM THE

**American Express Travelers Cheques**

**AMERICAN EXPRESS**

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

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BOSCH continued

crowded. So Sean slept on the bench. He was awakened at 6 a.m. for a urine sample. Then a 10-year-old patient who had bedridden Sean asked the nurse if he could wear his clothes that day. When the nurse refused, he began to run at the locked metal cupboard where the clothes were kept. Then he tore off his pyjamas. Attendants grabbed him, and the nurse said, "Mr. A—would like to be dressed." He walked around for the rest of the day like a zombie. Later in the morning, Sean went to a group-therapy session. It consisted mainly of the patients' talking to one another—how Peter slept in, how Mary didn't go to occupational therapy, George's, a big, oafy, black. He was from New York and he had been arrested in a fight when he first arrived in Termini. He was put in the hospital for a two-day observation. That was three weeks ago.

"Listen, you've got to let me go home to New York," he said. "That's where I belong. This place is no good for me. I'm crying more than I used to, and I'm starting to talk to myself. This place is making me mad."

The psychiatrist said, "Now, George, you said the same thing last week." George burst out crying and ran from the room.

Sean said nothing at group therapy. He was the best he could do not to cry. For the 50th time in his life he thought he might, if he could not get out of there, go insane.

THAT AFTERNOON A WORKING psychiatrist interviewed him and left to arrange his release. Half an hour later,

he returned, but avoided his eyes. "Where'd I get out?" Sean asked. "Well," he said, "you will have to stay a while longer. The duty psychiatrist who admitted you said you were acting strangely."

*Don't God!*—please excuse me this one comment—the cops ask a man if he was attempting suicide and he says no, and they book him for attempted suicide and he says don't push me, as they push him harder, they force him and punch him and he asks for a doctor and the doctor comes with the man who loved him and punched him and a psychiatrist asks him if he heard voices, and he says no, and he gets committed to a mental hospital, and then THEY say that HE is acting strangely!

Finally, that afternoon Sean found a pay phone, borrowed dimes from the inmates and called himself, law suits, media people, psychiatrists. He knew from the newspaper like that threatened to call Minister Shillington, the NDP health critic in the Ontario legislature. Sean was quickly transferred to the Clarke Institute, the 400-ton blood of mental hospitals.

At the Clarke, there was another interview. This consisted largely of numbers games—for example, counting backward from 100 by seven's. Sean, a graduate engineer, scored perfectly. He asked if this proved he was sane. "No," the duty psychiatrist said. "It shows you have an obsession with details."

By then it was Friday night and he could not receive a full examination until after the weekend. He had his own room, however, and a pretty nurse to sit in a bed with him for the 24 hours. He told her what had happened and she said that she believed everyone should talk about what's bothering them, that all of us have problems from time to time, and that Sean had to promise or his word of honor not to leave the ward or they would have to call the police to bring him back. He did not struggle her.

On Tuesday, he got his psychiatric examination. After taking a detailed account of Sean's upbringing, sex life and fantasies, the psychiatrist agreed that his ask him did look like violent phobias, and arranged for Sean's release.

On Wednesday, six days after he'd climbed the tower, they released him. The hospital refused to give him a certificate saying that he had been found sane.

THREE WEEKS LATER a bill came from the Clarke Institute for \$208, plus \$25 for therapy. Sean sent a check, suggesting they send it to the chief of police. The check returned this letter:

Mr. Sean McCracken  
145 Robert Street  
Re: Clarke Institute of Psychiatry  
Balance demanded \$208

If now appears to us—I know you can connect this—that to collect the above amount it is necessary to enter this claim on a court of competent jurisdiction and to proceed. We hesitate to recommend such action to our client, the Clarke Institute, but you have left us with almost no alternative.

We must advise you that unless your intentions are known by us within five days, our client is to take the above indicated urgent action.

Yours truly,  
Ages Collective Agency

I introduced Sean to Marlene Shillington, who brought the case up on the floor of the Ontario legislature. The government was sorry but there was nothing it could do. So was the hospital and the police. There the matter stands.

Sean McCracken is a brilliant, good with numbers, and he has a university degree, friends in the media, in the law and in psychiatry. He owns himself, lucky. Other cases like his have come to light only after months or, occasionally years. And no one knows how many there are that never come to light at all. Sean wonders if George ever got back to New York, or if he is still waiting to be released, or if — think us the government, the police and the practice of psychiatry in this country — he's been driven stark, raving mad. □



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Full size photographs of the rifle available in 10 from Winchester (Canada) Company, Ontario.

### What the U.S. wants — it gets

In his article, *Waters That Belong That Could Spoil the End Of Canada*, Walter Stewart seems to think that American ownership of Canada's water will save Canada. Doesn't he know that most of Canada's natural resources, industries and businesses are owned by and answer to the U.S. and, therefore, it follows that there will be no question about whether or not the U.S. will get Canada's water? When America decides at times to bring the water down, the Canadians will have little say about it. Canadians are always shining about their sovereignty being threatened by the U.S. But at the same time they hunger after good U.S. products (and our trash, too) and scurry about trying to be as American as possible. The Canadian should just up or shut up . . . and accept the destiny they have brought upon themselves. —Glen Pines, Los Angeles, California



# The Case Of The S.S. Typhoid

BY ALAN EDMONDS



The story that many of those involved now regard as the greatest detective thriller in modern medical history began at 5:52 a.m. Wednesday, January 14 of this year, when the 28,117-ton Peninsular and Oriental liner *Oronsay* sailed under the arch of Vancouver's Lions Gate Bridge flying the dreaded Double Q — two yellow quarantine pennants that signal: "My vessel is suspect. I require medical clearance." The *Oronsay*, en route to Australia from Southampton, had been shedding sick crewmen and passengers at ports of call halfway around the world. But not until she was one day out from Vancouver did the Captain know for sure that his ship was nursing an outbreak of a disease whose name still creates panic among laymen — typhoid. The *Oronsay* was, in the words of Vancouver's Deputy Medical Officer of Health, Dr. George Mott, "a floating typhoid time bomb." Later, long after the last carefully staged dockside buzzards and ▶

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON HURLANDS

## ALL THUMBS?

Even if you're a thumbs-down yourself, you'll find a job occasionally. But just because you end up with a few legends, stories, or simply well-paid, there's no need to sit around twiddling all your thumbs. Reach for the Help Book. It's the easy way to shop for professional services of every kind. And get the job done fast, too. So next time you need help, let your fingers (or your thumbs) do the talking through the Yellow Pages... the Help Book.

The   
Help Book

the ship had gone, Dr. Most reflected that "I still think it's rather a good description of the situation at that time."

Typhoid can be an agonizing disease. It begins with two days of spasms and constipation. Soon the victim is voraciously sick. His temperature soars by day—103, 104, perilously near fatal depression—and he has a brief respite at night, when his temperature sinks to normal or even below. His body retains liquid accumulation, his stomach and intestines reject food in peroxysms of diarrhea. The system even rejects fluids—the sweating victim is in danger of death through dehydration. Often, fluid containing life-sustaining glucose is fed intravenously.

When typhoid struck the innocent Roman, it killed half its victims. Before antibiotics, the rate was down to 12 in 100; but, with antibiotics it is still a killer — but the death risk is now down to two per 100. The Oromy epidemic stayed within the limits prescribed by today's statistics: 75 suspects, 61 confirmed victims, and one death — a retired Australian died on his 63rd birthday, 10 days after the Oromy left Vancouver.

But to professionals such as Dr Moss, concerned with whole populations, the word typhoid has more ominous implications. The disease can spread like wildfire. Six years ago 437 people in Scotland were struck with typhoid — apparently because one can of contaminated meat was opened and sliced on a supermarket's counter. A similarly insignificant incident started an epidemic in Austria last year.

Typical gallops through populations because of disease carriers, who usually don't know they're spreading the *Salmonella Typhi*. Often they don't even know they've had the disease. Because modern hygiene has reduced the incidence, many doctors don't recognize typhoid for what it is — (a two ship's) cargo aboard the Oresund did not at first. Doctors commonly treat the victim with antibiotics used for general bacterial infections, the visible symptoms change and the patient may be declared healthy when, in fact, he is still capable of infecting others.

The most common form of infection is by ingestion — through the mouth. The typical carrier has the bacilli in his salivaries. Coincidentally they appear in his sputum. If he — or she, because there are more women carriers than men — is less than meticulous in washing his (or her) hands after using the lavatory, the bacilli can be on the fingers or under fingernails. If the carrier then prepares food for others, or handles dishes and cutlery they use, he is probably passing them on. There are other ways of getting the bug. It can even be passed, though unlikely, for a to be passed on through sexual intercourse. But outbreaks of Oranienburger are usually caused by the presence of the bacilli in food, milk or water.

So when the 19-year-old Orcaway steamed into Vancouver harbor and tied up at the Canadian Pacific

terminal without anyone having an explanation of how the disease was being spread, it was precisely what Dr. Mont called it — a "floating typhoid time bomb." And Dr. Kenneth Cook, port quarantine officer for the federal Department of Health and Welfare, and his team of medical detectives faced a mind-boggling array of questions.

Who had brought the disease aboard? A European crewman? Or one of the stewards, galley hands and cleaners from the former Portuguese enclave of Goa, in India? Or a passenger? Or even a visitor who had long since left the ship?

Which type of about 40 known strains of typhoid was it? The one found in Scotland, in Austria, or the one aboard a Spanish liner that had been in Southampton harbor just before the *Oronsay*? Or was it a yet-unknown variant?

How was it being spread? Person to person? Through food? Milk? Water? Plumbing? Or by the inevitable kitchen cockroaches?

Above all, how could it be kept aboard the *Oreany*, and prevented from spreading into Canada with the 146 passengers scheduled to disembark at Vancouver? The search for the owners led around the world to San Francisco, Los Angeles, to Atlanta, Georgia, and across the Atlantic to Scotland, London, Austria and finally to Cape Town.

But 21 days later, when the *Greenery* sailed from Vancouver at two minutes past noon on Wednesday, February 4, the questions had been answered. The occupationally cautious medical detectives will agree: you're right, 100 percent certainly just how the epidemic spread. But — and this is important — they do say that if the liner had not stopped in Vancouver, the epidemic would have gained galloping impetus so that in the words of epidemiologic *bill* Simon, "by the time it reached Hawaii she'd have been damned lucky to have enough crew left capable of running the ship."

When the *Oswegy* sailed, there had been no new cases for a week. No more were to be reported. As Dr. Cox said, "The fact remains that this ship came into Vancouver with a typhoid epidemic. She's leaving without one."

But she was by then one of the world's best-known vocalist. Newspapers, radio and TV stations, news agencies and magazines from around the world were on hand to report as much of the story as doctors and the P and O Line would reveal. Mostly, the scraps of information noted these questions but then answered.

Maclean's stayed on to ferret out the full story, and—in contravention of restrictions imposed by Dr. Cox, and alone among the reporters and photographers there—did get aboard while the ship was in "unacceptable" quarantine. What follows, then, is the first time anywhere that the full story of the medical mission has been told, the ordeal of the *Gromyko* in reassurance and crew faithfully reconstructed.

When the cowboy left Southampton on December 16 bound for Sydney, Australia, via Panama, the west coast of North America and Hawaii, the coast southward coasted on the Whishes in storm clouds. On the previous trip, which had ended only three weeks before, the ship had been hit by the Grommity in Sydney, off to perform the round of all different Australians — go walkabout in Europe for a while. At Cape Town, Beryl Perry had come aboard with her mother Mrs. Maxine and Michael and introduced him to Beryl. The young couple became a familiar presence by Southampton. Michael had proposed, Beryl had accepted. During their first week together, the ship had been hit by the Grommity. The walkabout suddenly ended — Michael was back aboard with his new bride, taking her to meet his mother-in-law back to Australia to pass her time.

As Jane Booth, one of the ship's entertainment hostesses, said, "Usually these shipboard romances don't come to much except maybe a bit of heartache, so it's rather wonderful to watch a romance blossom on the way in and see it become a honeymoon on the way back out."

At Cherbourg, the Grimsby picked up Argentines and Australians homeward-bound (000) Everage referred to as installing the worst flu epidemic in a decade. He attributed none could have been so relieved as the slowway, disordered two days out from Southampton, must now fail. He was put off at Madras — before he had a chance to get typhoid

The Arctic encounter was rough, and scores of passengers were either snatched or clung with the flu. Or was it all flu? Later, people began to wonder: High fever followed by diarrhea could — just might — have been the symptoms of an atypical case of typhoid. Surgeons Noel MacMurray and Bob Bellings treated many of the flu cases with antibiotics.

At Port Everglades in Florida two crewmen were left behind in hospital. Through the Panama Canal the ship sailed the slowly moving ship. The homebound *Walrus* lay in dock.

By Ascalapote, the worst seemed over — though it was still a problem. At San Pedro, the port for Los Angeles, two engineers were hospitalized. Even so, port medical authorities cleared the ship for all North American ports. But as the Grorany sailed out of Los Angeles, a launch streaked up behind her carrying the local F and G agents, who told the Captain, "Free her typhoid aboard!" At Monterey that day, January 3, Captain John Weather told passengers one of the two crewmen landed at San Pedro was confirmed typhoid case. Everyone would be quarantined at San Francisco.

The ship reached San Francisco next day, and Captain Wachter was told the

**THE CRISIS:**  
'Oronsay has left  
San Francisco  
with typhoid aboard  
— and she's headed  
for Vancouver'



Sgt. John Wacher (right) flew the Double (parents ordered by St. Mary's Co. (center). Then P & O director Sandy Steyer (left) agreed to voluntary payment.

diagnosis had been a mistake. Passengers and crew were robustly treated.

But last none of the crew were taken to hospital with symptoms similar to those of the men located at Los Angeles. Sergeant McMurray was warned. Soon after setting out for Vancouver, Captain Wicher radioed San Pedro and San Francisco: "Please inform doctors on ground landed." As he was to say later, "We had heard one thing and we suspected another. We decided to take no chances. They recommended that all passengers and crew receive an antibody shot. I was not sure if the antibodies of the crew and some passengers had already been inoculated by the time San Francisco received back." "Typical confusion." It was Tuesday January 13.

Later, Oakland Police Harold, who was taken ashore in Vancouver as a typhoid suspect and then refused to return aboard, said that when the Captain announced that typhoid was confirmed "there was panic among the passengers, who crowded up to the surgery demanding injections right away." Another who refused to return aboard, Seward Dewar Waters, said, "After San Francisco, the passengers didn't want to have anything to do with the crew because the cases were among the crew. A lot of them were too frightened to eat." But Captain Waters insists, "There was no panic, about as you see."

Anyway, giving vaccinations after the outbreak had begun seemed like a useless gesture: are ineffective until a month after the first of a series of shots.

That night there was what veterans Howard Wilcox and other crewmen have described as "a massive cleanup." Wilcox told us in an earlier field interview, "The ship is not clean at the moment! I don't care how many hours overtime you put in as long as this is clean when we get to Vancouver." Fortunately, with crew canteens were scrubbed with disinfectant, Captain Wicher concludes that, in the circumstances, rather more attention was paid to cleaning than was normal.

A day-passing away, in the 50-year-old yellow building that houses the federal Department of Health and Welfare quarantine and transportation medicine, Dr. Kenneth Cox was examining a Greek nurse who had what looked suspiciously like mumps, and at the same time wondering how the hell to reconcile a new cancer contract for his nurses with the fact he'd just been told to cut his staff by one around 11 a.m. when Jack Karp, a U.S. health inspector in Seattle, telephoned. "Ken," Karp said, "I've just heard on the wire/fish groupwire that you saw Francesco that the Germans had telephoned about. She's headed your way."

It was the moment that led to an official notification from the U.S. that Canadian authorities were to receive for 48 hours



## 5.5 TYPHOID outbreak

rine, had posted assistant Tom Teraville aboard the *Oronoko*. He found the ship's chief chef, who was demanding that something be done about the mounting pile of garbage that, on Cox's orders, had not yet been taken off the ship. At this point, Dr Cox agreed with the preliminary order: "Starts, arrange to have the ship's water supply super-chlorinated." Whistart ran a crew to installing equipment to put a relatively massive dose of chlorine into the water supply via the ship's pumps. From then on there would be five parts per million of chlorine in the water compared to the 0.4 parts per million found in the normal city water-supply system. It would "taste bloody awful" — but it would be safe.

On doctors' orders, Whistart also arranged for the ship's garbage to be loaded aboard a barge at night, hauled out to sea and dumped on an outgoing tide.

On Cox's recommendation, the Captain announced the water should not be drunk until the disinfection system was working, and began loading huge containers filled with Vancouver city water ahead for cooking and drinking.

At Vancouver General Hospital young internist Betty Gerrell went to the emergency department, and checked some from the typhoid ship — and left it. She was admitted to the isolation ward. She became a confirmed case. That day another half dozen should reported suspicious illness and were hospitalized.

Then at Cox's request, the Captain again broadcast to passengers and crew, this time asking that people search their rucksacks and report any contact any of them had ever had with typhoid. The result was what Dr Bowman truly called "a fabulous haul." Within three hours, 57 passengers and crew reported previous contact of some kind. The mystery was, compounding itself.

Even after 30 years a man who had never had typhoid could still be a carrier — even though he had never given the disease to anyone else. But perhaps men with age, then had been a breakdown in his personal hygiene. One in every 1,200 people is a typhoid carrier. Most asymptomatic carriers are typhoid regulars. People land on a cat live normally, provided they maintain rigid hygiene standards — and never, ever prepare food for others to eat. In Vancouver there are around 70 reported typhoid carriers in Vancouver, about 15 in Toronto, around 1,000 and at many in Montreal.

The 32 people who responded to the Captain's announcement were added to the priority list for stool tests. But by now — Friday — almost all the crew had been asked to provide one sample. By this second day, the laboratory had provisional results on some of the first-day stool tests. They showed that several crewmen were excreting typhoid bacilli,

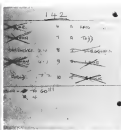
and yet had not developed symptoms of the disease. When we found a man who was not ill, who was excreting the bacilli, we became quite hopeful," said Dr Bowman. "If he continued to show no symptoms, he was almost certainly a carrier." Strachly Whistart was going to order stated the readiness of the ship, he established the ship's water capacity of 2,300 tons held in 24 supply tanks, plus additional tanks below the helix in the ship's engine room. Four of these additional tanks — later known as "the infamous Number Seven's" — were close to time used to supplement the ship's 24 regular tanks.

Whistart and assistant Teraville also took water samples from the pipe that fed the tap in the European Crew's Mess — the tap from which had come a sample of contaminated water. That pipe runs through three crew messes, the kitchen and the bakery, the nearest cold-storage room for food and a staff room where tea and coffee are made provided. They also took samples from the ice-water tap in the first-class galley — the tap from which the engineering crew customarily filled the jug they kept in the engine room. And most of the typhoid carriers were engine-room hands.

Whistart was developing a theory that contradicted the doctors' belief that faecal contamination of the water supply was the source of the outbreak. He reasoned that if so, typhoid would not be the only bacteria to end up in the water, the various bacilli contained in faecal matter that would probably produce gastroenteritis would have to be there, too. There were not many cases of gastroenteritis. (In fact, other organisms were found — "some evidence of massive contamination," claimed Cox.)

Food, milk, or contact spread — these were of that time. Whistart's prime suspects. Another thing he and Teraville saw the sailors at lunch. Each crewman had his own pitcher and mug. After eating, they washed both pitcher and mug in the sink filled from the tap. This had produced the suspect water sample, when the crewman wiped them dry on his mess, two tinctorial. Whistart ripped down the towels, saying, "If you want to live, it would be safer for you to wipe your safety on your shirttail — as long as it's your own shirt. That way, you won't collect someone else's bug."

That evening eight more suspect cases were taken to hospital. Then, the *Oronoko* moved out to midnight to make way at the dock for another P and O liner, the *Orion*, which was about to leave for passengers for a cruise to Honolulu. Tom Teraville, Whistart's assistant, took his family aboard the *Oronoko*. His long-planned holiday cruise should one P and O liner was not to be delayed by the troubles he had seen aboard another



## THE SCENE

A measure of tension during the *Oronoko's* stay was the yellow banner of fear seen in the 10-minute cabin who escaped typhoid. (Top) Handwritten reminders were put up everywhere (center left), and disinfecting methods in the sick bay. (By the way, the Vancouver Crew's Mess tap (center right) changed when a health inspector found old bottles "hanging" in the drainage above the galley sink looked unhygienic (below). But that is a common problem on ships. Dr. Kenneth Cox (lower right) typhoid had negative results because they drank more water than meat — and got it from this ice-water tap (right).

## THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THIS CABIN CAN NOT ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY ENDEMIC GERMS OR VIRUS PRESENT.



On the third day — Friday, January 16 — the Vancouver Sun bannered Dr. Morris' "Eating typhoid new bomb" remark. Captain Whistart broadcast to the passengers: "Don't be alarmed at anything you read in the newspaper."

There was, in fact, a communications lag. With only a ship-to-shore radio-telephone, the ship was often receiving information after the news media. Disturbed by news from the radio and the air TV set placed on board, a group of first-class passengers set up a committee, which discussed their nerves incessantly with the Captain.

Sam's Whistart and Cox were independently proving the ship, asking that suspected water-usage system components. Thompson, watching the developments, formulated this theory:

There were two sinks, disjunct in the first and, in the second, hot water kept at about 120 degrees, or about pasteurizing temperature. Once washed, the crockery was submerged in the hot running water. "To sanitize crockery adequately so that it is safe to be used again, it would have to be kept fully immersed at that temperature for two minutes. I repeatedly watched kitchen helpers lift the racks and dip them for about five seconds. It was a misconception that the dishes were being sterilized by being 'soaked,' but a five-second dip in water that isn't well sterilized anything."

Another mystery: if the carrier was a food handler or a galley worker, and if the typhoid bacteria were on the crockery, then, decided Thompson, the dishes washing in the hot water, bacteria alive to pass along the line. He reported to Cox, who ordered that the disinfected bottles be used in the running water, and that crockery be left reserved for the prescribed two minutes.

The passengers were showing the first signs of uneasiness. The disinfectant used maintained a stiff-upper-lip attitude of table linen, keep-it clean and large. The ship's move that night was told in *The Pacific*. Captain Whistart and his officers that evening staged an all-ship cocktail party.

Doctors Cox and Bowman debated the latest laboratory reports. There were several positive stool tests, including among them two crewmen who were not sick. One was a European who had never been to India. Another was a Gossamer stevedore who, as Cox described it, "was disgustingly well."

By now the doctors had begun to tell that the man landed at San Francisco had typhoid of the KI type. Since KI is indigenous to the Indian subcontinent, the stevedore was suspect. On a hunch, Cox said to Bowman, "Ernie, fill up your own carrier."

The Gossamer stevedore's medical record showed that he was originally a member





# Why This Man Thinks These Camels Can Change The Way You See The World

And how he's spending your money to prove it

BY BARRIE HALE

IN THE THREE HUNDRED YEARS Brydon Smith has been in Ottawa, as the National Gallery's first-ever Curator of Contemporary Art, perhaps his most popular addition to the cultural heritage of the nation has been a small herd of camels by New York artist Nancy Graves. There are three of them, life-size, each caught in mid-movement — pacing forward, grazing, looking back at where they have been. They are made of wood, steel, polystyrene foam, barbed wire, sheepskin, porcelain wax and oil paints, and there is so compelling a quality of camel-ness about them that on first encounter they are taken for the real thing. It is common enough to see people start back in alarm from their first sight of them; children in the gallery have complained about their stink (they are in fact odorless) and have been concerned that the gallery hasn't put grass on the floor so that the animals might graze — all echoes of Brydon Smith's own first response to them.

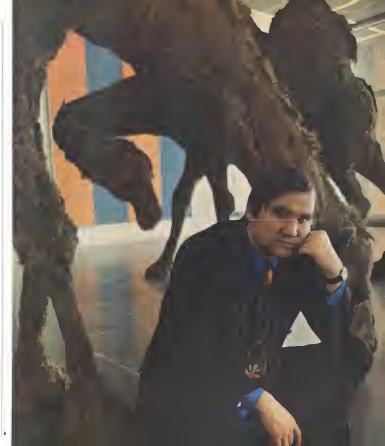
"It is a very comfort," he says, "I was confounded by them at first. But I have to deal with things that are beyond me at first, beyond what I know of art at the time. . . . I'm not self-made, I had to think about it, talk about it, cut through the novelty. I knew they could be popular, but . . ."

Yes, but is it art? you might well ask, is this what has become of Canadian Culture in 1970? At 35, Brydon Smith has spent much of his life saying yes to both questions, and in the course of doing it he has been changing Canadian notions of culture — it has become less and less a chatel of an elite group, more and more something that is accessible to every individual, if he wants it. The important thing, for Smith, is that everyone can get it, through the National Gallery and through the confrontation of contemporary art, and it is to that end that he spends \$25,000 of our money on such art every year.

The controversy that often surrounds contemporary art has been a big part of Brydon Smith's career ever since he graduated with a Master's degree in Fine Art from the University of Toronto and joined the staff of the Art Gallery of Toronto (now Ontario) six years ago. In 1967, for example, Smith organized for the AGO Canada's first, large-scale museum exhibition of contemporary American art, *Dave Oldenburg and Segal* — all New York artists, all of whom exhibited work they had done in the previous five or six years. The AGO acquired three works from that exhibition, among them Claes Oldenburg's *Glass Hamburger*, and there were cries of alarm in the streets.

The thing is what the title says it is — a glass hamburger, more than four feet high, eight feet in diameter, made of painted sackcloth stuffed with foam rubber, intended by Oldenburg to be exhibited formally in a museum space, as sculpture. Just hearing

Curator Brydon Smith, who wants to make art accessible to everyone, sits with the camel sculptures he acquired for the National Gallery. There is stink because "I knew they could be popular," he says.





*"Confronting an unsettling work of contemporary art, such as Claes Oldenburg's Giant Hamburger, can also be very beneficial for the viewer. But first you must like art"*

about it was enough to start the outraged letters flowing to Toronto newspapers — it was American stuff overseas still. New York stuff in a Canadian museum. It was the art of Right Now in a museum, which is supposed to show things that have accumulated hundreds of years of historical value: the "great art" of the past, it wasn't art anyway, it was some kind of bad joke, and what was a public gallery doing, letting a pay like Smith use public money, our money, to buy stuff like that?

At the time, Smith replied to the criticism, in the letters column of the *Globe and Mail*: "... cultural shock has always destabilized imported subjects and

purposes of protest. 'This is not art' has been said about Oldenburg's *Giant Hamburger*, Picasso's *Descent into Hell*, Matisse's *Blue Nude*, Rembrandt's *Night Watch*, and so on.

"I want to point out that the confronting of an unsettling work of contemporary art, such as the Hamburger, can also be very beneficial for the viewer: grow the right conditions. First, the viewer must like art. Secondly, he must be secure enough to enjoy being alive in the 1960s, in spite of the frightening violence and rapid change of those times. Thirdly, he must spend some time with the work, looking at it and thinking about it. There he may discover valuable insights about

art, life, and himself. . . . Fifty years from now the gallery will probably exhibit the Giant Hamburger as a relic of the mid-20th century. Let me urge your readers: Don't wait until 2017, when the work will be an antique heritage for our grandchildren. Go to the gallery now, and see the Hamburger while it is still alive."

Much of that had begun to happen as soon as the Hamburger went on exhibition in Toronto, and it continues, whenever it is shown, the Hamburger attracts a curious crowd of viewers, who linger and chatter among themselves. As an object, it is so easily like a "real" hamburger, yet it is so hard, that it evokes great

images of the mass population of North America feeding themselves on grossly inflated meat prices. As a sculpture, because it is softly stuffed with foam rubber and its surface is painted with fur, it is tantalizing like a big, horrible cushion, and sensitive to the gulf of poverty, introducing philosophical notions of chance and change to the traditional idea of sculpture as frozen, ideal form. It offers an extension of awareness that works on many levels, sensory, intuitive, reflective — and that is the sort of talk you may read in the sparse corners of your daily newspaper, where the art criticism is hidden away. What it means, in brief, is that the Hamburger works as art in an art gallery.

Most art in public museums simply doesn't work that way. It comes equipped with a ready-made package that assures the viewer of its historical importance and value, there is such a gulf of scores or hundreds of years between the much museum art and the people who look at it now, that ideas of what art about it — most of what is affecting about it — is lost in a vague atmosphere of pity.

"Just because there's a bunch of people standing in front of a Rembrandt and talking about them doesn't mean it's buying for them," says Denis Reid, a young (27) assistant curator at the National Gallery in Ottawa.

Reid had come through the Fine Arts program at the University of Toronto as the name of Smith's *Oldenburg and Spool show*, and was already committed to some sort of inward career, but he remembers that exhibition as a real breakthrough.

"It was the first exhibition that really meant a lot to me in terms of art and life, the first time I'd ever really realized the different levels that art can work on. Then later, when I went to Europe, I realized that every painting in the Louvre museum can do that to you. Brydon believes in the edge of questioning of contemporary art, he believes that it's necessary to get people engaged in a way that you just associate with things that have 100 years between you and them. Those are always immediately popular."

"There's a radical change in the museum world," says a National Gallery employee who prefers to remain anonymous. "It is no longer the preserve of an elite, a private club for neo-humanists, preferably persons like us, supposed to be at the rise of the middle class. All those guys [and he means Smith and Reid, among others] are unambiguously middle class, like most of the rest of North America. And what of the art of the 1960s has to do with coming to terms with middle-class values."

Smith says, "What I do is the gallery



*"In bringing Pop Art to Ottawa, it seemed somehow right first to show work by James Rosenquist, such as Painting For The American Negro and Capillary Action II — it's representational, gives the audience something to grasp"*

is an extension of my Mapple. It is counter to what has been acceptable."

His Mapple. Born and bred on only child in Hamilton, Ontario — his father an office employee for one of the steel mills there — Brydon Smith was the first generation of his family to go to university. He high school in the 1950s he played baseball, was good at it, was interested into the deeper course at McMaster University, did well — then dropped out, almost a wastrel, in the middle of his third year. He had been seduced by art.

He had taught his first painting, an impressionist landscape, and he says now, "I just had to find some reason for

my actions; it was completely outside of my experience at the time. I found I was thinking, reading, talking more about art than I was about anything else." Art simply became inextricable from his life from that point on. "Our first date was the Van Gogh exhibition at Toronto," says his wife Irene, "so we decided to get married and quit buying two catalogues all the time; it was that quick." Smith reentered himself in the Fine Arts course at the University of Toronto, and the Art Gallery of Toronto found him as soon as he graduated in 1964. (Chief curator at the gallery then was Dr. Joan Sebastian Rogers, an art scholar and administrator who is now the

**BRYDON SMITH**  
*continues*

Director of the National Gallery. She was instrumental in luring Smith to Toronto, lured him away from there to be her first Curator of Contemporary Art in Ottawa, and her line on Smith has been unwavering in both places. "We're very lucky to have him, she says."

Shortly after he joined the Toronto Gallery, Smith began work on a major retrospective of the paintings of Piet Mondrian, the Dutch modern master, one of the giants of modern painting, who developed an art of neutral abstraction from reference to anything but itself — composed, geometric, balanced and harmonious. The Toronto exhibition was intended to be — and finally was — the definitive Mondrian exhibition, 134 works from his earliest signed drawing (1888) to his last uncompleted painting before his death in 1948, accompanied by a 230-page catalogue written by University of Toronto scholar Robert Wuth, the whole thing carefully structured, laid out and unambiguously interpreted. Organizing such an exhibition is an undertaking like no other in museums and museum diplomacy — the picture here is to be interpreted from dreams of landscapes, other museum exhibitions, or which is jealous of its own prestige, and such private collectors as, in this case, Her Majesty The Queen of The Netherlands. Smith and Wuth brought it off. It was a critical and popular success, and accompanied by a "City of the Future" exhibition of a Dutch master organized and first shown in Toronto, and then shown at The Hague (in the city museum of Mondrian's homeland). After that, Smith never had been ready for anything, and he was — he organized, David Oluskey and Jeryl from scratch, showed it at the Art Gallery of Ontario a year after Mondrian, then left for Ottawa, where Jean Rogers gave him the reins of his institutions and an annual budget of \$25,000.

With Brydon Smith then, Pop Art came to Ottawa for the first time, in the form of Andy Warhol's Bull's Head and James Rosenquist's *Passing For The American*. Wynn, a quiet, middle-aged painter nearly seven feet high by 17 wide, a collage of meticulously slick bill board images, equally strong in their sweet, pinky sense of nostalgia and the oppressive weight of unacknowledged, unacknowledged brutality. Smith's first exhibition in Ottawa was a Rosenquist retrospective, early in 1968 and it was

*"My collection is part of my lifestyle. I'm interested in breaking down conventional ways of seeing, in keeping our powers of perception as open as possible"*

characteristically large, thorough and popular, a popularity that was not uncoloured. "It was a matter of trying to answer what would be best for this gallery and its audience, most of whom are tourists," Smith says. "It would have been too much to ask the gallery's public to begin with an exhibition of purely abstract art. It seemed somehow right to show Rosenquist first, because he's an important artist and because his work is generally accessible — it's representational, it gives the audience something to grasp, to start with."

In the past three years, Smith has built a contemporary collection that, though still relatively small, is remarkably comprehensive and clearly finding a large audience. Smith recently organized a large retrospective of the work of Dan Flavin, a New York artist who makes his art from formal arrangements of fluorescent lighting tubes. The exhibition travelled from Ottawa to Vancouver and, later on to New York. Flavin, a man who carries the kind of social armor you might expect of a New York avant-gardist, was struck by the openness and directness of the response to it. People would recognize him from his news photos and stop him on the street to thank him for the exhibition and tell him how beautiful it was — not Patrons of the Arts, but high-school kids, and housewives, just people.

Smith is regarded as a kind of champion of New York art, and there are reasons for that. Mostly, if you are interested in contemporary art, you have to be interested in New York art; it is not that all the good stuff comes from there, but more of it comes from there than anywhere else, and has for 30 years. In Toronto, he also championed the purchase of contemporary Canadian art. Three times in much of a, compared to contemporary American purchases at the National Gallery, Canadian art is largely outside Smith's mandate. A young curator named Pierre Théberge presides over the contemporary Canadian field — and there's a budget of \$100,000 for both contemporary and historical Canadian

work, which is four times what Smith spends annually on non-Canadian contemporary art. In Ottawa, Smith has organized shows of Canadian work for exhibition abroad with considerable success — two of them, the formal abstractions of Montreal master Claude Monette and the steel sculpture of Regina-born Robert Murray, was the first two major prizes ever to come to Canada from the highly competitive international exhibitions at Venice and Sao Paulo. Brazil. He is currently at work on another exhibition for Venice, of the recent constructions of Toronto artist Michael Snow, who says:

"Revels has a serious understanding of what artists are doing. I think that some people against Dan Flavin and Rosenquist with the acts of various U.S. corporations in Canada I don't like to — they are two really wonderful artists, and we're all artists."

What Brydon Smith is doing at the National Gallery finally comes down to a matter of what is done by Gusto Magazine, and Smith bought one of the Nancy Graves panels last summer, and showed it in Ottawa with the two others because they had all been made at the same time. A trustee of the gallery, Allan Rosenfield of Montreal, vice president of Dealers Corporation Securities, Ltd., together with his wife, was so taken by the three panels' impact that he bought the other two and gave them to the gallery, so the set would be broken up. It was an almost unheard-of thing for a gallery donor to do — following the tastes of the central staff, rather than sucking the concentration of his own taste by giving art he had already collected. The Board's response was widely shared — critics have lingered around the three artists ever since after their first shock, walking around them, fascinated, exploring the territory between appearance and reality that is a traditional province of art.

And that is not, that's where you'll find Brydon Smith, too, among the exhibition halls, surrounded by the art he has brought to Canada's National Gallery, watching people watch the art. "My collection is part of my lifestyle," he says, "and it is not that of people who have traditionally collected art in this country. I'm interested in breaking down conventional ways of seeing, in keeping our powers of perception as open as possible, it's only that but we have any possibility of seeing what's there." □



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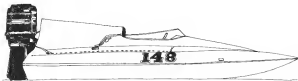


## Choose The Boat That's... You

This spring, more Canadians than ever before — millions of them — will think about buying a boat. If you're one of them, your problem will be confusion. You'll have a myriad of sizes, shapes and colors to choose from. We think we've found a solution: just as you know a man by his dog, so can you tell a man by his boat. For the romantic who likes wind-song and white sails shaking, a racing dinghy. For the speed addict, the howl of a hot motor. And so on. Maclean's 1970 guide to people and their boats — including what's new in every category — begins on the following page. If you can find yourself in it, meet your boat. ►

PRODUCED BY GATHY WISMER; ILLUSTRATIONS BY DREW WARNER

## For the playboy: A Powerboat Racer



MARRIED OR NOT, the owner of a powerboat racer tends to remain an unattached man. As reclusive gambler, he'll try anything else what ever the cost. His steamboat will have the biggest engine, his car will have rally stripes with a super-V8 motor under the hood. Impetuous and unpredictable, he's the life of the party, the jester who shows up in tux to a barbecue. During the summer, he's the playboy of the waterways, trailing his boat from place to place for racing, water skiing and weekend parties. He likes sport muscular boats with sleek design and lots of power.



Take Mike Haggin. 29 Haggin is married, and very much attached to his wife, but he is a free man. His boat, named *Helix*, has taste for speed and style. Two years ago, he never drove a boat — now, it's the Canadian racing champion. There's how I like to do things — fast, no matter how much it costs. I like to add a little excitement to things. Racing boats is a guarantee. His first winning boat, *Black Panther* is 35 foot, fiber glass design with twin 325-hp engines placed first in the class division F2J stock-outboard. It also gives him much prize out of 180 entries in the 1988 World Championships in Arizona. After two seasons of racing, he stripped his boat down for better performance. The

14-foot aluminum hull and twin 125-hp engines cost about \$12,000. He christened it *Helix*'s Harrier and it won first place in the unlimited boating class for the Canadian Championship in 1988.

"I stayed out of stockboat racing because of the expense," he says. "But boating is sure catching up." He has already invested about \$18,000 in racing.

Haggin owns three vanity plates and 23 snowmobiles, but these true racers, he says, can barely support his hobby. At this time, the only way to race is get a sponsor. It's expensive gambling. If the boat is damaged, or sunk, the investment is a total loss. Most racers are lining well beyond their means. "Insurance on boats is hard to get unless you have a steady income. You can run into debt over one race."

Most of the races are around bays, testing endurance and speed. Rigid safety regulations are checked before the race. Every boat must have a fire extinguisher, first aid kit, two paddles and an automatic electrical disconnect on the motor in case of accident. The driver wears a collar-type life jacket and a fire-resistant orange helmet.

"The challenge in fast racing is not so much the speed, even though I like cruising at 60 mph. It's the course that's difficult. The lake changes every season and the water gets choppy. You have to ride your boat on a course that is never the same."

If you want to spin out at 70 mph,

you can race in hydroplane competition. The variety of classes available divides according to boat and motor, inboard or outboard, with racing at stock engine. Prizes for boats depend on many variables such as material used, length of boat and engine power. You can buy a design for \$25, build it for \$700 and sell a racing engine for about \$1,000. Sportsboat racing is another division for testing the family speed boat against others in various classes (both inboard and outboard). For information on races in your area and boat classifications, write to the Canadian Boating Federation, 67 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Many of these fast boats are ideal for sport water skiing. But if you have that in mind, you should be looking for maneuverability as well as speed. A fiberglass deep-V hull gives good wave configuration and turns easily in choppy water. A boat with a modified-V or cat-hull will perform better on inland lakes; you should use at least a 40-hp engine. Skating skates are twelve attachments and cones (polypropylene reinforced cord is often used for its strength and buoyancy).

For the water skidder, there's kite flying. All you need is a boat with an 80-hp motor, some wind and a kite (about \$250). If that's not challenging enough, here's the "throwall" lobster, \$500. Once the water skier is in the air, the act acts as a parachute. He cuts himself loose on a quick release cord and glides to the water.

## For the armchair admiral: A Power Cruiser

THE POWERBOAT CRUISER is for the armchair athlete who enjoys a game of bridge or hand of poker. People are his main concern — dinner parties, card games, cocktail hours and chats over the back fence are the things he enjoys. His few sports are social ones, such as sailing and curling. When he vacation, he really means a holiday two or three weeks of string-bass, relaxing and basking in the sun. He's an easygoing, non-competitive fellow. If he owns a boat, it will be a cruiser — wide spacious and comfortable as a second home. He may not be a great swimmer or navigator, but he has a love for the water and the snapping jagged in every sense, he's admiral of the docks, cruising when the sun shines, partying when it rains.



John Jenkins, vice-president of a furniture store, decided not to pass up to buy a 40-foot, mahogany cruiser rather than a cottage. "A power cruiser," he says, "is not a rich man's luxury when you compare it to the cost of a cottage. And maintenance and taxes I bought the cruiser mainly because I have to work Saturdays. Leaving the city when the weekend is half over driving two hours to the cottage, repairing the roof, seeing my family for the first time in five days — it's just a bit ridiculous." Now, between



May and late October, on hot, humid evenings, the Jenkins look up the bridge and spend the night on the cruiser moored in the city harbor. "This is the way to spend a summer," says Jenkins. "On Friday nights, I can be on my boat in half an hour, sipping a dry martini while everyone else fights his way out of the city."

Cruising has allowed the Jenkins more freedom than cottage life. "You have all the convenience and comfort of a summer home, but you can go where you want — even if it's only four or five miles out in the lake. You can picnic on lawns and sandwiches or sit down to a candlelit dinner of shrimps and scallops. Cruising living is synonymous with power cruises, carpeted floors, wood interiors, sun decks and built-in bars. Although the galley space and sleeping accommodation are

small and compact, the deep-V hull design and usually optional flying bridge make the cruiser one of the more glamorous boats afloat.

But it can be expensive. Wood boats may promise an image of prestige and have built-in snob value, but maintenance is costly and time consuming. Fiber glass is a better choice for durability and upkeep.

New models feature more galley space, better refrigeration and larger locker storage. The trend is toward increased privacy in sleeping accommodation. Many of the 3770 cruises have triconic units and separate staterooms. One of the newest designs is the "Sailor 35," an all-fiber glass sedan fly bridge cruiser from Chay Lee, Hong Kong. This craft sleeps nine, has a built-in bar, built-in carpeting in the aft cockpit and cabin plus stainless steel deck hardware (about \$26,000).

## For the competitor: A Sailing Racer



THE SMALL-CRAFT (or wet) racer doesn't like to speculate. In track and field, he'd probably go in for the disqualification rather than concentrate on a particular event. Nor does one sport satisfy him. He prefers to be a dier whether he's hitting ten shots down the bow or sailing down a slope. His family is part of his recreation and he'll include them most of the time. But he'll be the experimenter, the pioneer, the first to try a game of handball or sail a dinghy. If he sails, he will keep to the small boats — the wet ones — in which he can hang over the side with a broom. He winds a snail, temperamental, darts dinghy he can sail once a week, turn over to the winner and forget about.



Don Greer, a 30-year-old construction supplies manager, who expressed

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BOATING continued

his new boat when he stepped into it for the first time. "I've been racing now for three years. 'To start a new sport at my age,' he says, "you have to be a bit of a clown, but I like to give everything a try. After my first summer, though, I thought I'd never make the grade as a sailor. There was a whole new language to learn — ropes were no longer ropes but sheets. I had to reach, jibe, hike and do all those things I'd never heard of."

A summer of sailing instruction was just an experiment for the Greens. Don bought a family room ketchup in a yacht club (he has a wife and two children, eight and two) and took the course to see if sailing would be a good family sport to be wet in. It was.

The following year, his wife Dana took sailing lessons ("I didn't want to be left on shore"). Two summers later, the Greens still didn't own a boat of their own — they crowded on other members' dinghies. Holding back on a big investment gave them a chance to find something that suited their needs. "We wanted a family boat for day sailing, easy enough for a husband and wife to crew." Their choice was an "Alacorn," a fiber-glass 16-foot dinghy, a popular racing class in a modest price bracket (about \$12,000).

Of all sailing buffs, the dinghy sailor is generally required to spend the least. And, potentially, his sport is the most dangerous. So follow the Green's example and learn first. The Canadian Yachting Association 751 Yonge Street, Toronto can provide you with a list of instruction centers for both children and adults. Before buying a boat, find out what best suits your needs. If it's for a small lake the 13-foot 10-inch "Sun fish" is a good investment (about \$600). On a larger lake, you should consider the "Alacorn."

It's important to buy a class of boat popular in your area. Dinghy sailors inevitably race and competitive racing allows you far more of the same class to compete.

The next class up in waters is the "Intermagnum 16" (about \$2,200). You can gain sailing skills with this boat by adding a trapeze, spinnaker and different sails for higher performance. The "Freetail" is for little counterboarder handily with a two-man crew. It is one of the newest classes in racing. New with Olympic status, the "Freetail" rates with a spinnaker and trapeze (about \$3,800).

continued on page 58



The bridge of San' Angelo was built across the Tiber in 136 A.D. The angels have been there since 1667. The class has finished their yesterday.



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For the man-at-the-top:

# An Ocean Racer

THE OCEAN RACER skipper probably owns his own company. If not, he'll occupy executive jobs in others. Well-tailored in business suits, he drives a Rolls-Royce, furnishes his office in leather and mahogany and smokes (if anything) a pipe. Competitive and aggressive, he seeks a challenge in whatever he does. If he sails, he races; if he sails, it's on the ocean. As an ocean sailor, his sport involves two facets—either far away and races or midweek workouts at the gym. As a result, he probably doesn't spend as much time with his family as his family would like. Extrovertedly a intro man, he enjoys serious competition and sailing, at the level almost a second business.

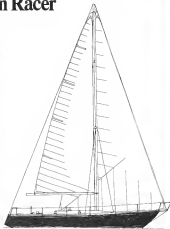
At 34, Colin Wilson is a veteran sea hound, who runs his own insurance agency when his sail working winds. "Once you get into ocean racing," he says, "you almost have to own your own business to take these three- and four-day weekends. My tax guy is never unpacked—I'll crew for any race, whether it's on the west coast, Bermuda or Lake Ontario."

Wilson's office has a neutral look of pure calmness, chairs and framed maps. "Like most racers, I've been in and out of boats since the age of seven. At this level of sailing, your involvement in the sport is total. I have no time for golf and sleep. When you're in it this deep, something is bound to suffer—if it's not your business, it's your family."

Although ocean racing is purely a Corinthian sport (sailors are a fair-weather fleet), it has escalated into a deadly serious game through the sophistication of equipment design and use of computers. Analogue as it is, millions of dollars are poured annually into faster boats, new sails and electronic equipment. "If you have to ask about the cost," says Wilson, "don't get involved. Every sail, rope and winch has to be at the best quality to handle 40 mph winds."

Wilson owns a 35-meter class boat (30 to 34 feet), but it lacks the necessary safety features for competition in the offshore circuit. For Wilson, the cost of skippering in this league is prohibitive—it's cheaper to crew on someone else's boat.

Cash apart, ocean racing is an arduous technical exercise. Preparing



for a race usually starts three months in advance. A work chart is set up, menus are planned, course hazards predicted and the crew selected. The depth of the crew (their talents and ability to handle different jobs) and the success of the operation depends on how well every one fits in. Competibility can often win a race. "Crewing is like living in a cub," Wilson explains. "You are topped up with 10 or 12 men for a 48-hour race. Through storms and high winds, everyone has to work together, like in a football team. Amusement and low morale can wipe out all the pleasure of racing."

Usually, the skipper divides the crew in half for four-hour watches. Some sleep while others sail. The cook prepares daily meals of steak, bacon and eggs (the skipper controls the use of liquor). The navigator, who is in a 4-hour shift, charts the course, speed and distance covered.

"It takes a rugged kind of man who enjoys getting out of bed in wet clothes after a four-hour sleep," says Wilson, "sipping a cup of coffee and

then fighting to keep it down. The hardships are all there. The test is how you handle them."

There's little logic to the amount of time and money spent in offshore racing. Ask any racer what he thinks of his sport and he'll compare himself to an Englishman standing under a cold shower, leaning up five-pound notes.

If you want to get into long-distance racing, you'll need at least a 30-foot sailboat, beach sidestair, boat well cost about \$2,000. Other costs: sails, navigation equipment, docking and trailering. As skipper you pay for boat repairs and food for the crew. Boats are allowed to race only if they meet the safety regulations of the International Offshore Rule (IOR) or the Cruising Club of America. Races can be long distance, or around bays with winners determined by a handicap system (each boat has a weight and measurement rating). Competition validity is open to every level of sailboat in the offshore category.

Continued on page 50

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## For mother-at-sea: A Houseboat



THE HOUSEBOAT enthusiast is often a woman — usually a young mother. Her first concern is the children, and they leave little time for outside interests. She may play bridge once a week or take an evening course in conversational French, but she prefers to spend her time at home. The family is an integral part of her life and a houseboat is the best and safest way of getting afloat and taking the kids along too.

Mrs. Audrey Jensen, the mother of six, always felt uneasy around boats until three years ago when her husband Neil finally persuaded her to try a houseboat. "The sailing of boats had made me nervous. But aboard the houseboat — it looked so secure — I lost my fear and found my sea legs."

Now Mrs. Jensen moves the family on board every weekend during the summer. "It's not like a cruiser," she says. "The kids have lots of room to play games and I don't have to worry about them scorching back decks or dumping



the cabin." The Jensen's 33-foot \$15,000, steel-hull houseboat sleeps eight comfortably and has a large galley with oven and refrigerator, and a shower with hot and cold running water. For rest, houseboating is a real holiday — more luxurious than a cottage (our boat has well-to-well carpeting) and easier to keep clean.

A guardrail prevents the children from slipping over the side. But the three youngest left under and under the jackets outside the cabin — just in case.

"With the houseboat," says Mrs. Jensen, "we usually take the kids down for a two-week trip and visit different friends — places they'd never see from the highway."

In recent years, houseboats have lost their trailer-on-a-rail look and are now being built with a modified T-bul. This change provides for better stability and greater speed. A 37-foot houseboat with twin engines can tow a water skier. For all their new sophistication, houseboats are still a snap to operate. If you can drive a car, you can captain a houseboat. Costs range from \$15,000 for a 33-foot craft to about \$25,500 for a 43-foot luxury line.

adequate room in close confinement. "I do some racing, but mostly I enjoy testing my skill against the lake. You have to know the wind well, when to yield to it and when to take advantage of it. I prefer pleasure cruising around the island lakes with my family. We are on board together with no intention of returning, no to believe."

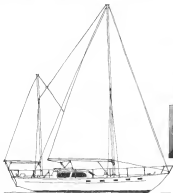
"For us, sailing works to keep us closer together. It also fills a great psychological and physical need — to compete with nature."

Personal and individual as it is, know all this may sound dramatic. Phil has other reasons for his love of sailing. "For all the years I've sailed there have never been two dinks the same. The lake changes color, the wind can blow gusts or breezes, the sky can be equally or clear."

Those like Phil who don't want to be towed or tied to others might consider the sailing cruiser. One of the most popular cruising classes in Canada is the "Shark" (about \$9,900). This 24-foot floor glass boat has room for four — and good resale value.

In calculating costs, you should remember that bigger boats (above 20 feet) usually have fixed heads instead of retractable compartments. Thus, training is more difficult and mooring more expensive — the bigger the boat the more it costs to dock. The "Allegro 35" (the one chosen by Ugo Phil) has space for up to six people (about \$16,000). □

## For the connoisseur: A Sailing Cruiser



THE MAN WHO PREFERS cruising is a connoisseur. He'll choose his boat with the same care that goes into selecting a good vintage burgundy. Quiet and introspective, he doesn't overindulge. His tastes are refined and distinct. There's a romantic side next to his lifestyle. He avoids crowded discotheques, long cocktail parties and Saturday nights with the boys. Generally athletic, he prefers to compete with himself rather than others. In that sense, he's a loner. Sports will be limited to those he does well and can enjoy with his family. His natural instinct is toward serenity and solitude — a fern in the country or a cruiser on the water.

For Ugo Phil, an architect who designs apartment highrises, sailing is an escape from the city he helped create. "A boat is freedom. You feel there's no limit to where you can go. Whenever I feel stuck between buildings and people, I know I can always take to the water — to an expanse of Lake Ontario that feels really as wide as the Pacific."

Phil bought his sleek, fiber glass Allegro 35 sailing cruiser a year ago to keep sailing in the family. His wife and two children (13 and 12) spend weekends on the boat. It has a galley, head (toilet) and four berths — and it qualifies as an



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# The Woman Who Tells Girls In Trouble: 'Have Your Baby'

*Louise Summerhill has no doubt about her position in Canada's great abortion debate. She is the founder of Birthright, an organization unique in North America. It offers motherly counsel, companionship and professional advice for the confused and desperate. And it's just a telephone call away*

BY ROGER KEENE



More a confidante in trouble has spelled the anonymous classified advertisement in Toronto's afternoon newspapers. "Pregnant and distressed?" it asks, and gives a telephone number. When the girls ring they are often answered by a rather gruffish recorded message warning about the dangers of abortion. Says a placard, outstaring voice: "You could be sterile for the rest of your life."

The voice belongs to Mrs. Louise Summerhill, a blond housewife in her middle 40s, mother of seven children and founder of Birthright, an organization unique in North America. The organization, as the title implies, is dedicated to the proposition that every human embryo or fetus has the right to be born and every girl has the right to have her child.

In her casual, unglamorous, Mrs. Summerhill has ostentatiously entangled herself in the emotional controversy that surrounds the subject today. Birthright has received the support of several churches — Protestant as well as Roman Catholic — and is praised by some of the girls it has helped. At the same time, Mrs. Summerhill's zealous methods of propagating her convictions have been criticized by family-planning groups and social agencies. Professor Benjamin Schlesinger of the University of Toronto's School of Social Work, for instance, feels "hers playing with fire."

There is little in Mrs. Summerhill's background to suggest she is the stuff crusaders are made of. She married young and has devoted most of her adult years to her children — the youngest is a set of twins just over two. However, she

did manage to break out of the domestic routine long enough to take an evening class course leading to a diploma in the 1960s.

Her interest in abortion began five years ago when reform of the laws on the subject was being heatedly debated in the press. Mrs. Summerhill's contribution was a letter to the editor describing the pleasures childbearing had brought to her. Her letter produced several replies suggesting Mrs. Summerhill could have enjoyed her pregnancies only because she had the money to afford seven children. In fact Mrs. Summerhill describes herself as "well-off middle class." Her husband Stephen owns a filling station and their home in Toronto's suburban Leaside is paid for.

The hostile replies taught Mrs. Summerhill a lesson: "I couldn't have any opinions just on feelings. I had to have facts. I studied a bit and because, if you are an expert, knowledgeable about abortion." Next she joined an organization lobbying against abortion law reform and learned something else: "I realized that the people arguing for legal abortions were really motivated by a concern for suffering. I felt it my responsibility to help provide an acceptable alternative."

Early in 1968 Mrs. Summerhill left the lobbying group and began to put her own plan into action. It is based on the theory that most girls choose abortion as an alternative to social ostracism or forced marriage. They should be told about other solutions. How would Mrs. Summerhill get her anti-abortion message across? By the same discreet, confidential medium that people seeking

*continued on page 66*

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### BIRTHRIGHT *(continued)*

shortens mostly me when making their ritual around the telephone. Her slogan: "Help is as near as your telephone!"

However, Birthright had to be more than an answering service. Companionship and aid would be needed to strike the attentiveness to abortion attractive. Mrs. Semerelli at first envisaged a small army of field volunteers plugged into all available community resources and dispensing aid freely. A complex emergency service! The various religious and charitable groups she approached all showed public interest but explained that an organization concerned on such a scale was impractical. It looked as though Birthright might be unborn. But Mrs. Semerelli wasn't fazed.

"I had to decide whether to do it myself. The more I thought, the more necessary it seemed. Yet I had no training and I knew I'd be criticized for neglecting my family." She and Stephen discussed it and decided that only extreme action would be justified. Mrs. Semerelli is a remarkably energetic woman who regularly gets along on four hours of sleep a night. She works mostly from her house, going to the office only one day a week. About her lack of experience, she reasoned: "I won't need training to listen, understand and love."

So she set to work recruiting donations — mostly from Roman Catholic sources. "For Roman Catholics, so most of my contacts are Catholic," she explains. "Four Catholic priests donated a total of \$300. This made up most of our starting capital." Volunteers were recruited through parish magazines and by means of church and hospital bulletin boards. "Many were available — new nurses wanting to expand business, or girls regretting recent abortions and unable to be shy." The Catholic people tended to be earnest and school-oriented.

More than 60 volunteers were trained during four weekend courses at which doctors, social workers and clergymen gave advice about the work ahead. Later, two evenings a week were spent with police reports, telephone-company officials or psychologists. Mrs. Semerelli also planned doctors in different ways. "I rephrased our objectives, then sent letters and phoned again, asking support. One refused but 20 agreed to be on call. We now have 26. They don't all share responsibility that would expose us to exploitation that they'll see someone when required. We also help girls join Medecine. But if someone's previous and reliable for other Medecine or welfare, the center won't object."

Finally, office space was donated, and on October 15, 1968, Birthright was born. A lawyer advised incorporation and registration as a charity. Registrations would make donors feel deductible.

*(continued on page 63)*

## Why Bob Pichette uses a Pitney-Bowes postage meter for as few as 5 letters a day.



trivial past job. Bob Pichette set up his own business as Labelle, Quebec, on a job at the Post Office — and he began sending to get this before he could close. What a load! He had a steady stream of all the postage he used (a help to his accountant at the time).

Another useful thing for Bob is the fact that the meter produces all postage. It bills him a client he will "need the metered stamp to prove that he did."

Bob even looks that, indirectly, his postage meter helps him sell more products. For example, if he covers a wedding on Saturday, he can have ample postage ready by Sunday. And being independent of the Post Office, he can send them out right away. So his postage meter helps him sell more products.

For a list, he's able to do down on top to the Post Office — and he might something to get this before he could close. What a load! He had a steady stream of all the postage he used (a help to his accountant at the time).

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*(continued on page 63)*

**Pitney-Bowes**  
POSTAGE METERS

For information, write Pitney-Bowes of Canada Ltd., Box 1333, 500 Prince Street, Toronto 20, Ontario or call one of our offices across Canada. Pitney-Bowes, a division of Pitney-Bowes Inc., is a member of the Pitney-Bowes Group, Inc., a member of the Pitney-Bowes Group, Inc., a member of the Pitney-Bowes Group, Inc.



# Bilingual Crossword For Non-Bilingual People No.2

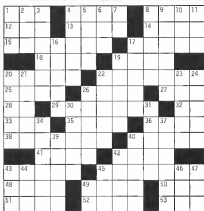
BY BELLE HAMILTON

## Horizontalement

1. A angoles (3)
2. Lac Ontario s'étend par Murray-Bell (4)
3. Vieille partie est de Londres (4)
4. Le five-o'clock (3)
5. Minotaur, héros légendaire (4)
6. Épouse de Dick Tracy (4)
7. Solon Agnew n'aime pas cet établissement (7)
8. Petits lapins (10)
9. Pénurie d'effluents d'un premier ministre (4)
10. Choix unique composé de deux pièces (4)
11. "O Dieu! que ce soit un cadeau!" (Ps. 51, 10) (5)
12. Portes des yeux (7)
13. Voir d'attention 20 14
14. Dessin d'arrangement plus (4)
15. Sans plus que d'ordinaire (12)
16. Arrive (2)
17. Roches, transportées par les glaces (Géol.) (7)
18. Chef (2)
19. Titre d'un roman par Sir H. Rider Haggard (3)
20. Hommes provinciaux (4)
21. UE d'un prisonnier en hiver (4)
22. Mouton typique de romans policiers (7)
23. Caléidoscope à deux dimensions (5)
24. Hésiter (4)
25. Sujet de ligne 3 de "L'Épique" d'André Vigne et "Le Roi" par A. E. Housman (4)
26. "Numb" 90 du Cardinal John Henry Newman (10)
27. Plus succulent (7)
28. Nez d'une laide "Béguine" (4)
29. Père de la morale (4)
30. Plus d'un (3)
31. Ayuda (4)
32. Bélier (4)
33. Énergie (10)

## Verticalement

1. Ode (3)
2. Product du Géant Vert japonais (3)
3. Merguez en pâté (repeux) (4)
4. "Il était un homme sobre et — en voyage" Le maître d'école de
5. Le Village (Shant) par Goldsmith, L. 1971 (10)
6. Dirs sur le point de trouver (4)
7. Qui est-ce qui a dit "Baudouin est vert, vert, vert!" (4)
8. "Toute qui est l'île Grèce" (3)
9. " — et Non Grèce" (4)
10. Prodiges, qui a écrit "Macbeth" (4)
11. "Père sans mère d'astuces" (4)
12. Envoier (3)
13. Écrire (4)
14. Impulser (4)
15. Personne à marier (10)
16. Aroux et Coeur (10)
17. Sujet du livre "Noblesse Oblige" par Henry Millard (5)
18. Jean Béliveau est — comme une perdrix (10)
19. Mère (10)
20. Plus comme la mort (10)
21. Début de Quasimodo (10)
22. Mère gauloise des européens (10)
23. Représentant de M. Stansfeld sur le parlement (10)
24. Colique (10)
25. Commission (10)
26. "Tous est —" (Ecol. 1 21)
27. "Gallie" vers n'a pas (10)
28. Équilibre (10)
29. Chef (4)
30. Non politiquement (10)
31. Ligne aérienne canadienne (10)
32. "Moi, j'ai le cœur et trop de fois le cœur avec —" (10)
33. Membres 20 111 (10)
34. M's en fin (10)
35. Ce que le monde (10)
36. Aéri (10)
37. Rouge en (10)
38. Premier mai (10)
39. Aéri (10)



34. Début de Quasimodo (10)
35. Mère gauloise des européens (10)
36. Représentant de M. Stansfeld sur le parlement (10)
37. Colique (10)
38. Commission (10)
39. "Tous est —" (Ecol. 1 21)
40. "Gallie" vers n'a pas (10)
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42. Chef (4)
43. Non politiquement (10)
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45. "Moi, j'ai le cœur et trop de fois le cœur avec —" (10)
46. Membres 20 111 (10)
47. M's en fin (10)
48. Ce que le monde (10)
49. Aéri (10)
50. Rouge en (10)
51. Premier mai (10)
52. Aéri (10)

## ANSWER: ACROSTIC NO. 2

(MUSIC) MacENVOY  
The Colour of Givens

44. Givens the north is bright, taking the the water waves that break the moment of the black sea of a hurricane. Repeat these the earth waves are grey uncolored, the earth is longest at the way to the Pacific."



## Mexico, United Kingdom, Australia, United States, Venezuela

Chile, Dominican Republic, New Zealand, Colombia, and Nicaragua. No, Nevada is not an airline, it's a major corporation, that's extending the business of Canada throughout the world. With mining and manufacturing operations in a dozen different

countries. And also of more than \$500 million a year in a total of twenty-two. Zinc, copper, gold, silver and various pulp, plastic, high voltage cable and auto parts. Who in the world are we? We're Canadians.

**noranda**

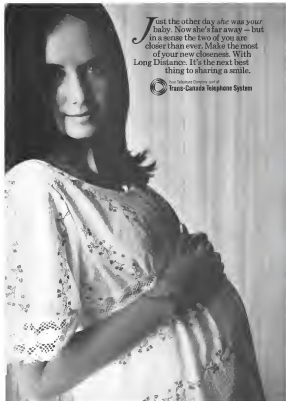
extending the horizons of Canada — through natural resources

**DIRECTIONS:** The clues are in French, you fill in the answers with answers in English. The French is easy — what you remember of your high school French should cover the toughest clue. (Bilingual) Crossword will appear every other month, alternating with Canada's Toughest Acrostic. Answer to the puzzle above will appear next month.

Just the other day she was your baby. Now she's far away — but in a sense the two of you are closer than ever. Make the most of your new closeness. With Long Distance. It's the next best thing to sharing a smile.



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"See your phone book for typical low rates after 6:00 p.m. and all day Sunday"



## A boy and his world

David Mathison's world is just about everything a young lad could wish for. It is swimming, fishing, boating, soccer, hockey, baseball, modern schools, movie theatres, TV playing in the bush and more places for riding out. When he is a little older, David will appreciate the other things his world offers. Beautiful roads, a library, huge shopping plazas and supermarkets, golf, curling, skiing, spacious modern homes on landscaped streets, completely unspoiled natural surroundings. For this is Thompson, 400 miles north of Winnipeg. Thompson is home for David, his mother and older brother, and his dad, Harold Mathison, Senior Metallurgical Administration at Inco's Thompson mining complex. To them, there is no place like Thompson.



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AT YOUR SERVICE: FASHION

## This dress is all hang-up

BY MARJORIE HARRIS

MARKET'S TREND has been having women for about seven years. Fashion veteran Sherry Tomchukowski just about every trend, fad or innovation to hit the industry, usually about two years before general acceptance. She has clients of women's lifestyle boutiques, so her influence is widespread. And this spring her latest idea could herald another trend.

"I was having lunch with some friends in Ottawa last August," she explains, "and a girl wearing a dress, necklace like a choker went by. It looked fantastic and I thought 'Why not look clothes right on to a necktie?'"

She envisioned a "Hug-Gar" (hug garment)—get it? That would fit like a combination necklace and belt, with a series of beads around its perimeter. Any kind of fabric could be hung on it in every conceivable style. So she approached Douglas Montgum, Master of Textiles at Sheridan College School of Design in Port Credit, Ontario, to help her work out the problems of construction. He and another member of the staff, Bill Ottensmeyer, Master of Metal and Jewelry, solved it by cutting out the shape and hand-forming it to the body, so the whole thing would act as a fastening device and be easy to get on and off.

"Originally," Montgum says, "it was supposed to have fringes, but it looked like a series of tin cans." He and Ottensmeyer finally settled on a light-gauge brass. "At first we thought the device would have to be custom-formed to each individual wearer. But we've worked it out to standard sizing."

Montgum is not entirely satisfied with the cost at times, though the performance in time is he's working on a plastic mold. The metal collar and the enormous pieces of jewelry and weigh one and a half pounds. They feel wonderful, since they're on and surprisingly comfortable, but a metal-plastic form would weigh only a few ounces and could be produced much less expensively than the brass number at \$75.

Marjorie Beale saw the Hug-Gar as a boon for travelers. "After all," says Marjorie, "when you travel you'd be wearing the same item in your wardrobe around your neck. The attachment would come in little plastic tubes, small enough to fit in a handbag." Looking into the future, she sees Hug-Gar in portable clothes: they could carry a disintegrating machine (highly transnational), or camera, or radio, or hold magnetic notes. "How often have you made notes to yourself, and then lost them?" she asks. □

Before Seiko came along, people thought that watches were only for telling the time.



Then Seiko introduced its "Dial-matic" series of watches and now you can expect a great deal more from a watch than just the time of day.

To begin with, the Dial-matic is self-winding. And it has a calendar which shows you the day of the month. It also shows you the day of the week.

You can swim, take a shower or do almost anything with the Dial-matic on your wrist.

As well, the Dial-matic has a gentle alarm. To wake you up at the moment. To remind you of appointments, late times, phone calls and parking meters. To help you be on time professionally and socially. To remind you of your favorite TV show. And since you set the Dial-matic, it never forgets.

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# Madrid

## and The Single Girl

BY JOY CARROLL

The noise of Barcelona music spills through the open door of a corner bar. From the street you can see a small band surrounded by crowded tables. Four men singing and smiling happily. One plays a guitar, the others clap or stamp out a rhythmic accompaniment. This particular bar, a *taberna* in Spanish, is all whitewash and dark beams with rough wooden tables and matching stools. At night in the evening it's filled with the workers of Madrid and a nearby family of cooking fish.

A Spanish always tells when he drinks. An instant explosion as he orders a jug of red wine (20 cents), a plate of large strips with the heads still on (15 cents) and two cups of beer (each at three cents each). Some of the crowd will go home after an hour of music, nap and join their families in a huge dinner. Others, including us, will wander from here to there all evening, nibbling on bits of seafood and drinking wine or sangria — a light mixture of wine, apple sauce and fruit — until we can't sleep down another baby oil.

There are three million people in the Spanish capital and since evenings, you feel they have all been fermented into the streets. But streets of the old part of the city, *Sevilla*, spill Madriders overflow from the sidewalks and seep between the breaking tiles even that just the robbery robbery. How the bars are crowded, shiny, polished, as in windows from one to another. I glance at one of the menus posted in the windows. For 35 cents — about 50 cents — you can have soup, bread and a main course of chicken and fried potatoes. Want it about 12 cents extra. Alternatively, you can order an affordable meal — two main courses, a roasted chicken and more — for about one dollar.

After a few days of eating at such places, I added up my living costs and took them to the factor of exchange, and came to the conclusion that Madrid is the pleasantest capital in Europe for a single girl to take a low-budget holiday. This 22-day excursion (air for the seven-hour flight from Toronto, via CP Air, at \$539; I found that my daily expenses averaged



out to \$8.50. So the whole holiday cost us, in total, at \$520 — say \$600 to provide for economic cushion against overruns or expensive looks.

Most attractive from the girl's point of view is the sense of innocent romance that hangs over most encounters with the Spanish sex. Women are openly and basely admired in Madrid, yet this admiration is absolutely harmless. A woman can go anywhere alone at any time of the day or night without the slightest qualm.

"Watch out for Spanish men!" they told me back home. But the men I met, while friendly and often glib, were never pushy. I learned to refuse their gracious offers with what I hope was equal grace. One rainy afternoon I shared a taxi with two charming men from the colonies. When I offered to pay my share of the fare one said, "Women in Spain do not pay." The other invited me to a business performance that evening. When I said I was busy, he smiled and waved me off down the Avenida de Jose Antonio, the main street, with perfect understanding.

Nor was I bothered by Spain's political system, which others find oppressive. France's particular brand of fascism

is there all night. When you see the Civil Guard out in force or pass a Franco-inspired war memorial, you are reminded that the wrong side won. But if you can forget politics—and I realize some people just can't—the system won't intrude on your holiday.

Perhaps the most difficult adjustment a Canadian has to make, however, involves the time schedule. Business is carried out from nine in the morning until 2 p.m. Then, until 4:30, after which shops remain open until night. Most close two hours for proportional leisure followed by dinner at about 10. It's a pretty neat way to live.

Though I fell into the Spanish ways eventually, my arrival in Madrid was not auspicious. I'd chosen a hotel from the book *Spain On 24 A Day*. But the "old world" atmosphere mentioned in the book turned out to be merely old and the "word-processed" bar was decayed. The atmosphere was sultry and couldn't speak English. The room was cluttered, the bed lumpy.

I didn't stay, and, in the recommendation of friends, moved into a small, comfortable room in the Hotel Esperanza. While it may have been better days, the Esperanza is in a shabby part of the city close to the Casbah. When and at least a dozen good restaurants. And its rate was only \$3.00 a day for room with bath. It also offered other comforts: a hairdresser (\$2.85 for a haircut), a hairdresser where one could order beautiful big 60 cents, a reasonable dining room (small concepts who needed to be cooked my travel's cheque).

From the cheap in Madrid you can go almost anywhere if you survive the narrow driving. The about 50 cents. It's a good idea to ask yourself with a map of Madrid, a Spanish-English dictionary and also have the courage of your hotel with an address you read in Spanish. Many taxi drivers don't speak a word of English. They spend most of their time narrowly missing the foot of old ladies and shouting "¡Ay!" out the window at other taxi drivers.

My night of snoozing was just continued on page 70

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It was rather weird when I arrived at Barajas International Airport for my return trip. Just after the plane took off my CP Air steward whispered "There's a bottle of champagne waiting for you. To be served whenever you wish."

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One part white Crème de Menthe  
Two parts brandy

## AT YOUR SERVICE: MONEY

**Buy bonds? Sure. But buy on your terms now—and watch them carefully**

THE BOND MARKET is not dead although it has been very, very sick. Nor is it likely to die even though gloomy financial doctors have for years issued dismal prognoses. And that is just as well for all of us — our investments, our economy, our jobs and our governments.

Corporations and governments will go on issuing bonds — they have never stopped. People and financial institutions will go on buying them. But they should be much wiser and smarter than they were decades ago. This is likely to mean wider, quicker variations in the prices of bonds traded on the market.

Bonds of one kind or another will continue to be the most important single method of raising money in America, aside from bank loans. That's why it is important to know what has happened and what is likely to happen to bonds. Only in this way can they be intelligently judged as investments.

Until the 1960s bonds were sold mainly to bankers. They offered interest rates that were too low to justify investment. For many years, consumers were brainwashed with the idea that it was someone else and not to buy bonds, even if they bore a very low interest rate. Thus in the early 1960s, despite some rising up long-term federal bonds to get a yield of five percent. They were lending their money to Ottawa for a return of 2½ percent, when inflation would wipe out the real. Their return — taxable at normal income tax — simply wasn't enough to justify giving up the use of money.

This period that lenders were subsidizing borrowers. That is never likely to happen so strikingly again, on a long-term basis. We have grown too sophisticated to be taken in by the advances of cheap money.

As a lender, therefore, you can look for — and expect — yields that give you at least three percent in addition to probable future annual inflation. And since the degree of inflation cannot be known, you should demand a little extra to compensate for that risk. Such risks are obviously greater when the current rate of inflation is lower than average.

This means, with Ottawa having to pay around eight percent to borrow money early this year, means higher taxes. Governments will need more money to pay the cost of borrowing.

continued on page 43

## Fly the Flight Fantastic to the South Pacific

Fancy food like New Zealand pheasant. Carefully lamb or pork-lob chicken. And luscious drinks like frosted Mtn Tea. Blue Hawaiian. And New Zealand wines and pleasures from a tropical crew will make your DC-8 flight from Los Angeles to New Zealand, Australia and the South Pacific absolutely fantastic. Stop over in Hawaii, going and back returning—or vice versa. Either way—it's fantastic.

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## Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



No.

A reward for men. A delight for women. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. The whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.



## MONEY continued

Reinforcing the higher interest rate trend is the threat of shaking about tax reform. It is likely to make the returns on reinvested in common stocks more attractive and bonds less so. This will cause borrowers to pay comparatively higher rates to attract money.

Since Canadians have now become conscious of the risks and variations in bonds, their prices will probably vary quite widely. Fewer people will buy bonds and "not get their assets."

The result will be that bond prices will move less sluggishly, almost like stocks. This demands a trader's eye and awareness of risk not customary in the past. When a federal bond can drop from \$89 to \$74 in two years, it is a time for careful scrutiny.

It is also time for an awareness of the variety of bonds available.

Canada Savings Bonds are in a class apart. They can be cashed in for face value any time, but other bonds go up and down in price. If interest rates rise, the price of a bond trading in the market will go down so that its effective yield is in line with the new, higher interest level. If interest rates fall, bond prices go up.

Federal bonds generally have the lowest yields and are the most easily traded. Municipal bonds — except those from such solid bets as Metro Toronto — have high yields. But 35 percent more than federal, some of the sweetest, though they may have longer maturities and run for the average man. There is sometimes little if any ready market for the more obscure municipals.

Not too far below most municipals in yield are bonds from the provinces and big corporations, a far better bet for the investor in most cases. Bonds from small speculative corporations are often more like stocks. They need a careful, expert eye. In every case, except for federal bonds, the investor should consider two things. First, how secure is the issuer — that is, how easily can he sell the bond if he wants cash? Second, what is the issue risk — that is, how solid is the financial position of the corporation or government issuing the bonds? He should seek a banker's or bondman's advice before putting down his money.

If all this makes bonds sound a little clumsy, good. They are. Truly almost worse, although too few people realize it. None of this is making the market — only changing it. All through the recent gloom, new bond financing in Canada continued to run around nine billion dollars a year. That is a pretty substantial corpus.

Bonds didn't die. What passed away was an old way of "making the market." The new are well yield better returns but demand more lively, intelligent judgment. □



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AT YOUR SERVICE: MEDICINE

**Remember the old GP? He's coming back — as a specialist in everything!**

BY DAVID WOODS

IT MAY BE SIGNIFICANT that this season's *Murphy, M.D.* is by far the most popular medical-drama series television has carried in years. While its cleverly multi-layered specialist in the Ben Casey or Kojak tradition. Instead, as played with breezy bedside-manner by Robert Young, he is a plinking, old-fashioned two-handed GP. The message is clear: general practice is where the glamour is today.

This will sound ironic to those Canadians who have rolled their health first stacking down an all-but-retired GP such as Wilby and next trying to persuade him to accept them as patients. But it's true. Not only is the GP on his way back into our lives, he is returning as a trained expert. No longer is the family physician simply the nonspecific doctor patients cannot find. He is a specialist in not being a specialist.

Ten years ago, Canadian medicine had reached such a fragmented, impersonal state that 50 percent of our doctors were specialists. There was no province here or anywhere else in the world leading to certification in family practice. Today, however, 12 of Canada's 16 medical colleges have programs



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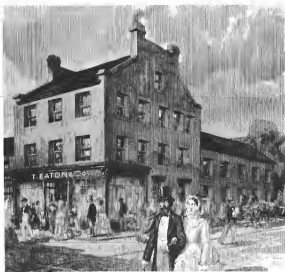
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## THE NEW GP continued

schools offer some form of training for family medicine and students are beginning to show an interest in interest for training in general practice.

Later this year for instance, 100 doctors will take family-practice curricula courses at McMaster University Clinic in Hamilton, Ontario, and at the University of Western Ontario in London. The course sponsored by the College of Family Physicians of Canada and CCFP Trustees on the importance of policy in Pediatrics won't be required. But the doctors will be asked to conduct four simulated office interviews with "patients" who are well-informed actors conducting difficult problems.

These tests emphasize the family doctor's increasing importance in the field of pediatrics — particularly of mental disorders. A well-trained GP should be able to spot and act on an impending breakdown long before it reaches the clinical stage. The interviews also reveal the resident's aptitude for creating and preserving a rapport with patients (the authors had independent doctor-patient relationships).

In the long run, says Dr. Donald Rice, executive director of the College of Family Physicians, will probably need separate medical schools concentrating on

the teaching of family medicine. In the interim, until there are enough family physicians to meet the ever-increasing demand, Dr. Rice suggests we might adopt the solution of South Africa and some other countries: require all young doctors to spend a period in general practice before being permitted to take specialist training.

Several factors distinguish the average family doctor from the medical error physician of 40 years ago. Perhaps the most important is his continuing education. With medical knowledge doubling every decade, all physicians will soon grow hopelessly out of date. But the College of Family Physicians, whose members are required to complete 100

ILLUSTRATION BY



hours of postgraduate training in each two-year period, is preparing an extensive educational service by means of books, films and videotape programs.

Enrollment in such postgraduate courses may not be optional for much longer. To protect both doctor and patient, in some likely districts, when they renew their licenses, will be required to prove that their medical knowledge has been updated.

So far, Canada has been a world leader in this trend to bring back the GP. But we have no cause to feel complacent. There is a very real shortage of practicing doctors, in spite of what Health Minister John Munro claims. In terms of numbers alone we have a doctor-patient ratio of one to 850—which ranks us a modest 17th in the world, although one standard of living is third or fourth.

But in real terms the ratio is far worse. When it comes to seeking out first-contact physicians, there is only one doctor for every 2,500 patients. We still aren't producing anywhere like enough doctors to meet our needs. Scarcity may be entering an era in which residents are mainly concerned with health care (coping with the government) rather than disease care (often-called sickness). But this golden age could only be achieved by continuing the return to the family physician. □

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# At Last You Have An Alternative To The Establishment Press. And It Works

BY PHILIP STYKES

IN A 1968 earnest talk about the future of the media in Canada, nobody consulted Judy Pellerin. Too bad. Judy Pellerin's experience with newspapers would have made her a talking woman for Senator Keith Dewey. Mrs. Pellerin is a social worker in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, a specialist in learning disabilities. When her family moved there from Ottawa in 1963, they found it, she says, "a lot like New Winkle." When she became convinced that her children were victims of a "positive atmosphere" in the school system, she forced a committee for reform, Canadian Press writer Brenda Large wrote a feature about the movement. Editors John Chantelero and Victoria found that feature worth printing. Halifax editors did not.

Mrs. Pellerin felt "badly let down." It was only after she contacted the Oshkoshman, an afternoon service in a new Halifax paper called The 4th Estate, that her movement received national attention. "We've come to love the Marzanos now," she says, "and things are changing. Young people see The 4th Estate opening eyes of vision. We'd despair if it failed. I think we'd leave."

The 4th Estate will not fold. On April 1, Nick Filimora, its 26-year-old owner and managing editor, lifted a part of Oswald Schwesler's tale and declared, "Now we're not even sleeping in houses." Inside him (the co-owners (his mother and father) and his new wife

(the former Brenda Large) celebrated the first successful year of better attacks on politicians, businessmen and clergymen. The bi-weekly, launched on \$50 investment, now reports a gross run of 11,000 copies, circulation of 9,600 and 190 sales outlets. Filimora's celebration marked something else: a new all-independent, regular consciousness in media. At the McLachlan degree of electronic privacy was seeping

into conventional wisdom and Dewey's Senate committee was questioning politicians of news executives in sharp suits. Any group of Canadian dreamers were nursing the photo-effect press as a means of self-expression. Some 100,000 of them were subscribing to more than 20 papers, mostly new, whose editors shared Nick Filimora's credo: "The day profit becomes a factor is our thinking in the day I pick up."

An explosion of do-it-yourself journalism results in the publication of individual things. In the *Quebec Straight*, "man 30 good appearance" advertised his wish to "meet women for that little extra age unimportant." Montreal's French-language *Quebec Press* kept scores of old people's houses built in comparable Liberal and Union National ratings (*Quebec Press* 15).

The Senate is part of Canada's underground press, community newspapers of dropout society. They serve the taste for movement being and a philosophy of liberal individualism. They feature rock, largely American New Left politics and a distinctive style of daily layout.

But the role of happen-house journal is limited. And Stephen Brown, who gave up a \$175-a-week job as education reporter on the Vancouver Sun for *STN and Freedom*, says the *Quebec Straight*, both "the drug thing is dying anyway." Social and ecological theories — all killing the chicks on Burnaby Lake, the Victoria tourist

patch — are changing more of his time.

Most of the current expansion is "above ground." Right Montreal proceeds last fall launched a rock-making magazine, *The Last Post*, to attack Canadian political news from a radical viewpoint. "But we were determined," says co-editor Dr. Raymond Berger, "not to be an occasion house organ for the radical or hippie communities." With these means well sold, the *Last Post* a regular issue a year.

In Winnipeg, *Osweston* editor Erik Moore, a 19-year-old U.S. deserter, completed at more or less 14-day intervals an up-to-date history of hippie news. Manitoba publisher American News Letters and independent professional theories ("workers — you mustn't drink," one editorial began). In Regina, the *Canadian Press* For looks the original story of an unemployed man who claimed four politicians took him outside city limits and beat him (they were suspended).

Few of these new papers reflect their regions as fully as the Maritime publications. Like Judy Pellerin, Donald Cameron, a 32-year-old English professor from Vancouver, is a newcomer to the Atlantic region. Though he emerged at the Dewey committee as the most incisive critic of K. C. Irving's New Brunswick media monopoly, Cameron and the monthly magazine he started with two associates, *The Messenger* Inc., share Irving's local patriotism. Passionately,



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#### DO-IT-YOURSELF PRESS continued

Conner more told living he derived "sensational" publications in Toronto and the west — *The Myerstown Herald* and *The Scrabble News* living liked that "That's right," he said, "you can Toronto from here."

Conner defies the new opposition press as "journalists that will provide an outlet for the poor, the radical, the depressed and the desperate." When he later gave of academics planned their first issue on his dining-room table in Fredericton, "we thought there was a 90% chance we wouldn't make it."

In fact, nearly 5,000 copies are regularly sold. The price is 35 cents, 10 cents more than production cost. It is displayed in Dominion stores. The living newspapers, not characterized by investigative work, leave it to pickpockets. The *Star's* April issue reports enthusiastically on the serious consequences of a "spread" drug used in health care.

Essentially, though, one man personifies the Canadian press in confrontation with authority. He is Dan McLeod, 26-year-old freelance editor of the psychedelic *Graphic* brought A baby-faced, long-haired former math instructor with thick spectacles and a posture of dooping conviction. McLeod has demonstrated both editorial strength and intellectual tenacity. He launched the paper in May, 1967. Four months later the City of Vancouver created its license, charging it had been sold to children. It was reinstated after a month, but in January, 1968, a charge of concealment began a long sequence of prosecution. McLeod believes "attempts by the authorities to suppress it." By last February McLeod and his contributors had faced 11 charges, \$4,100 in fines, \$1,750 in fines imposed on McLeod himself.

The struggle unquestionably got conventional notice. One charge stemmed from a guide to the cultivation of pot, another followed an article on "Pera de Mito" R&K, a powerful herb to Dwyer, McLeod climbed the

ladder of sexual and anarchist charges, the use of street instead of townsmen, frequent citations and searches. The strikers would find it hard not to sympathize with the provincial judge McLeod quoted as remarking that it was a mystery to him why the *Scrabble* was constantly "laughed out for prosecution."

If Canadian newspapers use McLeod to someone desecrating their frontiers they never acknowledged the debt he turned away. When I talked to him during the Vancouver newspaper lockout, he reported advertising for 50% circulation sitting at 16,000.

The new sale price of 25 cents was helping pay the bills. After McLeod's brief it would not be surprising if the Dwyer committee was to recommend changes in the laws governing criminal libel and street vendors. It should

Danzon's press prohibition, some too hip to make sense, and working. But under their weight of opinion. Preposterously, they are unreasonably, socially convicted, however and influential among writers and student journalists. And photo-official makes them any to exit. You use an electric typewriter to suit your copy as often, instead of a typewriter to put the columns on a page or sheet. Then, Herb Danzou of Toronto's *Newsweek* will grant you 5,000 copies of an eight-page tabloid for \$112. In Buffalo, Illinois gets 10,000 copies of a 20-page with color for \$400.

For any appearance paper, says Pillsbury, the doctrine holds it is to acceptance in a credible source of news. For this reason, he says little future for the "Toronto" independent press. But he's sure more good newspapers, weary of working for "the mainstream" product will start papers like *The 4th Estate*. "I think most cases in Canada will come day have one." Vancouver? Not really. Pillsbury, after all has done it. And, for Miss Judy Pelletier and 10,000 members, the question of the media in Canada has already been solved. □

## The eclectic record library: the best of the basics for \$100

BY PETER GOODARD

The worst thing about records is that there are too many of them. So just to keep things straight (assuming you're the details, group, label, perspective) we offer below a collection of LPs you can buy for about \$100 that will give you a sample of how the music has changed over the last half century of what's available. The selection is partly subjective. I just happen to especially like all these records.

**Louis Armstrong Story, Vol. 1** (Columbia CE-451). This may be hard to get in your area, but it's well worth looking for. It documents Satchmo's early years when he was Jack's brother-in-law and not in court yet.



**The Beatles (Capitol STAG-132)**. This LP will tell you more about America than the collected works of Richard Nixon. As an extra, it'll probably give you an idea where your hair stands as we wonder these days. To the country.

**J.S. Bach: St. John Passion** (Teldec SKH 19). A superbly recorded, historically accurate album. Cuts a lot of conservative shreds away from Bach interpretation.

**Luciano Berio: Sinfonia** (Columbia MS-7261). Shows what we've suspected all along: that the recording studio is the only instrument musician play with these days.

**Chuck Berry: Golden Hits** (Chess CS-3514). Berry is to rock what George Strait was to the Western tradition of classical music.

**The Beatles: Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band** (Capitol CS-9447). In which Our Hero goes to California and finds the God in the most unlikely of places.

**Jeanette Des Prez: Miss Ave** (Mercury 71214). Some history from the High Renaissance's finest mistress. When more is known about her, I suspect, her's gonna rock.

**Bob Dylan: Nashville Skyline** (Columbia CS-9425). Dylan's so accustomed into pop's psyche that nothing he does goes unnoticed. When Dylan goes country, so goes pop.

**The Jazz Composer's Orchestra** (Jazz Recordings). A collection of jazz compositions, some of the best, beautiful.

**Jefferson Airplane: Surrealistic Pillow** (RCA LSP-3766). The culmination of the flower children, San Francisco's Bright-Ashley, psychedelic, love, and all things groovy in the 1960s.

**R. B. King: Live At The Regal** (ABC 505). The serenity of the blues, each note's cared for and controlled.

**Van Dyke Parks: Song Cycle** (Warner Bros. S-3727). Some



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RECORDS continued

dry pop music will advance far enough to tick up to this two-year-old LP.

**Charles Parker: Bird & Die** (Verve 55006) Almost every jazzman has had to come to terms with Parker's solo.

**Keynote: Postmodern** (Penguin, Acetone) St. Luke (RCA VIC-8015) Probably the most talked-about work by the most talked-about composer in the last 10 years.

**Rolling Stones: Let It Be... Blood** (London NPG-4) The Stones' best effort. And since the Stones are the best rock group in the world, this LP might be the greatest rock LP ever.

**Schubert: A Program of Piano Music and Songs** (RCA RSCS 1470) An attempt to recast the original "Toll" for a composer's music.

**Frank Sinatra: Greatest Hits** (Rhaps 3-0325) A hard-edged elegy for postwar America.

**Lisa Stansbury: Poleschka Sals** (Columbia MS-7011) The composer conducts her own work. Both may be overlooked, even. But both are irreplaceable.

**Berlin: Strindberg: What About Today?** (Columbia SC-0816) The singer as poet. The LP as aphorism of ego-gratification.

**Toscanini: Beethoven Symphonies Nos. 9 (RCA VCS-3090)** Beethoven may be around for a few years more. But the memory of this conductor, one of the last great individuals in music, is fading faster than his recordings are being bought.

**Richard Wagner: Der Ring des Nibelungen** (London RDSN-1) The first recording of the composer's mature work.

**The Wind Tearing** (Decca DMSW-7205) One of the most honest LPs by one of rock's most honest groups. And a most pop-epic, with recurring themes, characterizations, recognizable and things to hear. (C)

## Five new approaches to the decline of Canadian sovereignty

BY PHILIP SYKES

THE ATTITUDES of North American liberals played seriously among us. They appear today less enlightened than sleek, shadowy and susceptible to cheap mysticism. They led too long on euphoric images—the new Cancon, Expo, Trudeauism. In 1963 the year George Grant's *Lament for a Nation* took its country had slipped out of our control, British indulged in scenes about John Diefenbaker, confident that *Rampage in Power* would be the ultimate word on him.

Great, after all, was a religious thinker, unashamedly Tory—hardly the prophetic voice for a swinging generation. Is the year that followed, like a rabbit running up the hunter's gun, and we watched the American empire roll over us. Our sweet sword-wielding citizenship was moved to ask, "Must we do as granted? Or should we begin to rage, rage against the dying of the light?"

Now a handful of new scholarly books examine the decline in sovereignty. In *Canada's First Century* Donald Creighton, one of our greatest historians and to older Tory than Grant, supports the Liberal with idealistic confidence. Creighton's documentation of how Canada became "a branch-plant economy, a military satellite and a cultural colony" of the United States has resonated more acutely in the media than did Grant's original perception. Great approach. The reception of his book was less enthusiastic, he believed the other side because the United States still looked in the other direction of "a dark regime of economic appeal to the bourgeoisie."

But Agnew has followed Kennedyism—"The collapse of a certain kind of liberalism, succeeded not by conservatism, but by an imposed and selfish nihilism." And today we have a new nationalism on the Left. As James Laver and Gerald Caplan write in *Clear The Air* (Penguin), a writer has turned collection of essays. Before the 1960s, Canadian socialists tended to echo the liberals on the national question as conservatism is disappearing as a viable force in Canadian society, standards are taking up the conservative view of the national question.

Nationalism, in fact, is no longer among us that Creighton on his speaking tour in being questioned like a political leader. Especially, he reminds ourselves that his job is writing history. Yet it is natural for him to agree that, yes, he "paled on the stage" to answer Canadians and, yes, Melville Walker's neo-conservative proposals might be the only way we can control our future. The men, the book, the statements face in a collective assertion of our need for Canada.

Creighton reminds us that the Fathers of Confederation had a clear, limited purpose. They sought to create in the northern half of this continent a nation, not a league of province-states. They pledged not "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" but "peace and good order," implying a central power and social restraint on the individual's freedom.



The traditional Canada seemed high tide in 1914, when Ottawa committed a seemingly unwise people to war. It began toebb in 1917 when Wilfrid Laurier, responding to the pressures of Quebec, rejected conscription and divided the country. Thus, in 1920, the US replaced Britain as Canada's biggest customer. By 1930 Americans controlled 61% of the foreign capital invested here. And the new investment—unlike British money, which had provided funds for Canadian development—was direct. The Americans took over Canadian resources.

There was a contemporary-chester "The Mackenzie King Museum." Talking "the elevated language of wartime studies" and practicing "the most direct of postwar populists," King, Rockefeller-endowed, gave Canadian nationalism a spurious direction. He groped from the willing hands of Britain the symbols of monarchism and watched in rebuke flow south to the States. Canada's acquiescence in the Cold War and subsequent US intervention in Canada all followed the logic of King's three decades of passive conservatism. By 1967, writes Creighton "invention and plagiarism had become deep-seated. Canadian institutions, economic and political dependence had grown into a settled way of life."

Unsettled contentment now betrays former policy. The *Canadian Experience*, a well-packaged new history, proclaims "Canada in all walks of life should recognize that Canada's right to create and to offer advice is not inherent."

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## BOOKS continued

the erosion of federal power, denying that Confederation was an ethnic and cultural compact. Coughlin curiously ignores English Canada's obvious prebendal and exploitative dealings with French Canadians. The story is better told by Kenneth McNaught, in his thoughtful *Federal History Of Canada*. Coughlin, tragically, has nothing to say to the modern Québécois.

Our nationalism has some primitive antecedents. The 19th-century separatists, Stephen Leacock among them, dreamed of Canadian leadership in a reimagined British Empire. Carl Berger writes astutely of these romantics in *A Sense Of Power*. He shows that their imperialism was not virile and that the "social gospel" was potent among them. But there was also a tinge of hubristic racism. William Foster writes: "The old Norse mythology, with its Thor hammer and Thor hammering, speaks to us — so too a Northern might — more clearly, more real than the weak nerveless supervision of the all-feminine South."

Coughlin offers us Thor hammering. His rational conservative scholarship has its planned, perhaps, ultimately, the character and consequences of liberal communism. It is for younger nationalists to find some ground they may share with the different but surely not incompatible enthusiasm alive in Quebec. As Ian Lunan writes in *Close The 49th Parallel*: "A will for rejection of American domination need not be based on the fantasies of the past."

*Canada's First Century*, Donald Coughlin: Macmillan, 1981.

*Close The 49th Parallel*, edited by Ian Lunan, University of Toronto Press, 1973.

*The Federal History Of Canada*, Kenneth McNaught, Longmans, 1983.

*A Sense Of Power*, Carl Berger, University of Toronto Press, 1965.

*The Canadian Experience*, John S. May and D. M. L. Farr, Arcton, 1980. □

## Why the CBC's top brass should resign before next season

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

THE TRUTH has come, in the persons of Canada's future and current scene, in request the resignation of CBC president George Davidson. Neither Davidson nor the corporation's vice-president, Laurent Picard, should be encouraged to remain in office for another television season. They have had long, loyal and constructive careers in public service, but in some way they've got themselves caught in a web as their new understanding the CBC to leaders who know something about broadcasting.

It is clear that the survival of this country depends to some extent on the existence of a healthy, productive, non-commercial broadcasting service. It is also clear that certain troubling forces, particularly the Canadian Radio-Television Commission, are determined that the CBC should cease to be a public service, becoming instead a free-for-all of its responsibility. This rehabilitation can only be achieved by flushing the old philosophy out of the corporation's deepest system, starting at the top.

Davidson and Picard are singularly talented men. But, as they both be the first to admit, before their 1968 CBC appointments they were radio and video jockeys. Picard emerged from a background devoted to commercial and industrial research to ride on the corporation's day-to-day decisions. Davidson, who became responsible for overall broadcasting policy, had been Ottawa's senior civil servant — the CBC's senior civil servant — the Treasury Board. He didn't even visit a television set until 1966, when he bought the secondhand from

a friend. It wasn't until last year that CBC undertakes put a TV monitor in his office. Davidson hadn't bothered to ask for one.

It is one of the abiding afflictions of this country that our personal cultural institutions have continued to be provided over by bureaucrats. (Thank heaven the NEB members avoided this fate. Imagine where the first board would be now if an accountant who had never seen a movie had been given John Gresson's job in 1959.) If Picard and, for once, the CBC probably ended an efficient broadcast when Davidson took command. He has restored order to what was fast becoming an administrative shambles. More disturbing of recent, the subtle tactics that made his top bowler in parliament's corridors to protect the CBC —

business process in very being — from political dogs that were snarling for blood. But that task is done. And Davidson's administrative efficiency has been easily in other directions. Price, reach, cross-fertilization thinking still permeates the CBC. An certain early catastrophe of the current CBC-TV season proved, but not now some serious confusion with an industrial mutant of oligarchical broadcasting — the bureaucratic producer. Such producers, by the nature of their institution, are so that jobs continuously it takes strong and anti-bureaucratic leadership to deliver them.

A truly honest head of the CBC would quickly put into effect a series of public-interest policies that have been woefully vetoed so far

## TELEVISION

Among those that spring to mind:

□ Initiating some form of immediate looking with the National Educational Network in the United States. The CBC has been happy to build its schedule around live feeds and taped programs supplied by the American commercial networks. But NET, the only real public network in this continent, is ignored. That NET's culturally rich, basically universal sense is being denied to most Canadians is fewer of such about U.S. such as *Green Acres*.

□ Ensuring that never again will a program as vibrantly popular as *The Foreigner* have to take three years to get here. It's a measure of the CBC's continuing hostility to public service that this 26-week serial in Quebec, being broadcast during the summer off-season when audiences will hopefully disrupt the plot sequences for many viewers.

There are rumors — too vague to track down, too frequent to forget — that certain powers in Ottawa still hope to dismantle the CBC. If that happens, we may as well begin taking out our American citizenship forms. The best way to prevent it is to turn the Davidson-strengthened corporation over to a leader familiar with the dynamics of broadcasting. Perhaps Davidson isn't ready to step down. But I regard the recent return to his native land of brilliant Canadian TV producer Sydney Newman as an omen of almost mystical dimension, complete with glowing pen. The new man at the CBC should be Newman. □



Sydney Newman

## George S. Patton's spooky reincarnation as George C. Scott

BY LARRY ZOLF

**Patton: A Salute To A Rebel** is a fine cinematic ode of heroism and hero worship. Fortunately for director Franklin J. Schaffner and scriptwriters Francis Ford Coppola and Edmund H. North, General George S. Patton, Jr. lived his life as if he had a future Hollywood ego in mind.

In his tale there is all the glam and glory of the Seven Swans, and, alas, all the qualities of the Seven Dwarfs. Patton liberated 12,000 cities and towns and captured 81, 100 square miles of territory like tick-tack-toe, with a divine grace in the destruction of the Nazi empire in Europe. Yet this same man slipped a shell-shocked soldier and handed him a crown, stating that the me-of-the-world Nazi was no different from the average Democrat or Republican and called for a preventive war against the Soviet Union, while she was still our ally.

Schaffner's film does not gloss over these incongruities and portrays Patton wars and all. Patton was a classical scholar, a poet and man who firmly believed in the doctrine of *raison d'etat*. If he were to return to a Hollywood game, Patton would just have to come back to George C. Scott. For Scott in Patton re-enacts in a superb acting performance that makes the film from some of Schaffner's more pedestrian directing devices.

Indeed, Scott of late seems to have forgotten where his film portrayal of Patton has left all and what life has begun. He has gone on television, barely striking others who have dared to criticize the film. He has also caused

statements attacking the "wild outburst" of modern youth and calling for a return to the 16th-century romantic individualism of ivory-towered, gas-olaf General George S. Patton, Jr. I suppose, in Scott's defense, we could only say that Patton would have wanted it that way. The old racist once said, "Compared to war all forms of human endeavor shrink to insignificance." Compared to Scott's brilliant performance, all forms of recent Hollywood endeavor shrink to rural insignificance.

**Zahleide Point** is a thoroughly engaging film, exquisitely photographed and edited. Its images and postpositions have a hypnotic, distancing effect, making the film's three stars in an almost lyrical, poetic flow. Here there are none of the choreographed subtleties of *La Morte or Blow-Up*. In *Patton*, Peter Jackson's Michaelangelo Antonioni has important points to make and he doesn't want anyone to miss them. His plot demands and deflation of glamour are skilfully simple. A young student radical is involved in the killing of a politician during a campus demonstration. He seeks a place and then to Death Valley. There he meets a young woman in flight from the sterile values of a daily commercial existence in the American megropolis. Their encounter is brief, but returns to the city where he is gassed down by unhappy police. She drives off to places or destinations unknown.

These are the stylistic ingredients of Antonioni's latest allegory. The Italian radical

who survived Mussolini's fascism obviously uses its resurgence in polarized America today. Antonioni makes his points in sharp, swift strokes in one scene a laconic cop sits an armed campus radical in occupation. "Social professor of history," the radical replies. "You keep it," says the cop. "I'll just put down 'dark'."

The eerie, desolate wastes of Death Valley are central to Antonioni's apocalyptic vision. The American empire, like the Egyptian and Roman Empires before it, will crumble and decay. The desert beckons and at the end of it, no promised land, but only crucifixion awaits. But with crucifixion comes redemption.

and the beginnings of new life in one reasonable scene, as the student radical and the girl make love in the desert. Very fastidious hundreds of other young couples, possibly making love in the sand dunes around them. The scene has a grossness, bullet-like effect and yet, somehow, Antonioni makes them all look like the original crucifixes who climbed out of the coals millions of years ago, the amoeba of a new cycle of life after death.

*Zahleide Point* is both a superb film and an enormous exercise in neo-American activity. Beside it, *Easy Rider* and *Mean Streets* seem merely the naive posturings of thumb-sucking infants. □

### CONTEST

#### CONTEST NO. 31

ONE FRANKENSTEIN TO-BE-TOO. STOP. ACCENT WITH PLEASANT PROFFERED POSE IS CO-HOOF OF NEW SHOW ENTITLED QUOTE THE BOOK THE UNKINDEST CUTS UNQUOTE AND PLEASANT UNQUOTE.

Of course that language was never used. But it might have been. In 1964 Trudeau was being considered for the job. As columnist George F. Will of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* has noted, "It makes an oddly amusing thought that if Trudeau had played his cards right he might have been named *Laurier LaPerte*." History is full of such fascinating night - here - been. Roulens are invited to speculate on them by means of similar telegrams that never were. Maximum length: 30 words. Address entries to Contest No. 31, Mailbox 481 University Ave., Toronto 101. The deadline is May 22.

#### RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 43

Contestants were asked to compose driving coughs involving big-who lost police. Since there are a finite number of last positions to be found in the underbelly of English, there were fairly capricious. The judges found their decisions more on the cleverness of the couplet

than the rarity of the posture. Test details for these.

Till the all  
June was made,  
I. Hated What, I hated the  
I hate

Apple pie  
Shut. Bother, Apple. Do  
This couplet is complex.  
There are no words to let  
this. A. Bismarck. Kiss, but  
If Adam and Eve had been  
more one

They might have saved  
Alibi - but never Cuck  
have also. I have thought  
Willow family but are put  
to the test

Very often - even a beat  
O. Hates, North Vancouver. BC  
What we need around the  
corner

Is a stable state of fiction.  
At Robert Lantz, Toronto.  
Can the 19th century use  
a word?

That in positive form  
would all but end?  
Bones to Cops  
Was to. Lantz. Or  
The dead. Flaccidus  
Buccarus

It terribly serious  
But. Sound. Light. Emotions  
Its popularity should con-  
tinue to grow

As his reputation remains  
never easy to lose  
C. S. Lantz. Montreal

Factor Jackson -  
Young Jack's person?  
John P. Robinson, Montreal  
It would be absurd  
To have a new member

Good Night, Canada. □

# Break out the frosty bottle



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